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bob eby

I WAS SENTENCED TO PRISON FOR ATTEMPTED ROBBERY WHILE ARMED. Not only was it not a surprise when I found myself being carted off to prison, but in view of my past record the basic reaction of the authorities was based upon a principle of justice— when I chose to violate the rights of another human being, I took my chances... the cause/effect relationship produced a just result. No argument... I was wrong and justice was served when I was sanctioned by the courts.

And, for the most part, the people I serve my time with feel pretty much the same way about their situations, although most of us feel we've been too harshly dealt with in terms of the actual damage we did, and many of us have legitimate complaints about how the police and courts failed to abide by their own rules when dealing with us; but it is rare that you will come across a prisoner who feels that there is no justice at all involved in the principle that when someone violates the rights of another individual there ought to be some dues paying go down... that's the way its s'posed to be... that's the way the world's s'posed to work... although most of us know that that's not the way it is, and we feel unfairly singled out. Therein lies the bind.

Every time someone with money enough to rent a high-priced, member-of-the-Right-Club lawyer gets off with a slap on the wrist, while those without the status or means to gain themselves preferential treatment by the police and courts goes to prison, prisoners across the country feel the bitter stab of injustice. Whenever the newspapers "inform the Canadian public" about so-called public opinion as crying out for harsher treatment for prisoners, it cuts through the already festering soreness that serving prison time is. Just as treating all prisoners alike, tarring us all with the same brush, causes resentment that penetrates down through any positive feelings individuals might be nurturing towards society and its keepers, dragging out the worst in most of us. Even more significant though is the damage that is done when that same tarring-brush gums up the works of those striving to make prison conditions and programming more humane and effective in terms of creating a healthier atmosphere, one that serves the best interests of both society and its prisoners.

It is because these kinds of things go on all the time that prison servitude is so near completely a negative experience, leaving very little that can be used by the individual in any kind of healthy way. This is where the boat gets missed when it comes to encouraging people who've broken the law to change their lifestyles and behave more sociably. If you expect them to follow your rules, prisoners, like all people, have got to be permitted membership in the club and get the same rewards... that's justice.

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!!!! CAUTION !!!!!

The COMMUNICATOR is an adult publication, and as such will use language commonly used by prisoners and other adults & groups. SWEAR WORDS, though will be restricted to the FICTION SECTION so that those who are offended by the sight of FOUL LANGUAGE can avoid being exposed.

It is also true that we publish items from time to time that express views we don't agree with; however, since we are a forum for diverse opinions, and since opinions are like noses -- everybody's got one -- we will defend to the death the signing author's right to take care of himself. If you read something that provokes you, write down your feelings and send them in; otherwise, take a Bromo and forget it; or, perhaps, re-think your position and tell us about how that happened.

No person in authority over prisoners necessarily agrees with the opinions expressed herein, although they do allow us to publish providing no staff names are used in a negative context and opinions do not get passed off as facts.

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A housewife goes to prison

by Olivia Ward, the Toronto Star

The prison experiences of Lisa-Marie—a 41-year-old Prince Edward Island housewife arrested last year for passing bad cheques—were the most "terrifying, degrading and dehumanizing" of her life.

This is the story of one woman's bitter struggle for survival in the face of grinding poverty, a husband's fatal illness, and the shocking conditions of a prison system where punishment becomes humiliation.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I. --

"When I was a child," says Lisa Marie, "I used to build sand castles along the Bay of Fundy. I never dreamed that my life would be buried under a gray prison roof. Even now it seems like a nightmare."

At 18, the quiet village schoolgirl went to Toronto to work as a mother's help. There, within a year, she met and fell in love with Jeff, a young Maritime mechanic.

"When we got married we both wanted more education," she says, "but we had to struggle and save. We took courses at night and worked in the daytime."

For 12 years, she says, the marriage was "idyllic" in spite of a money shortage when two children were born and Lisa Marie was forced to quit her job.

But nine years ago their modest happiness came to an end. "Jeff was terrified. He knew something was seriously wrong with him. The doctor said it was cancer."

His disease, a rare lymph-gland cancer, was diagnosed as fatal. The next year was a chaotic round of clinic visits, radiation treatment, surgery, and emotional collapse.

"Sometimes he'd just sit and cry," she says. "He couldn't go on working, and I couldn't get a full-time job. We lived on his disability pension."

FRUGAL LIFE

At last they decided to leave the expense of Toronto for the frugal life of Prince Edward Island. ("My son used to get us fresh fish for dinner when he caught some, and I started a vegetable garden. I didn't have a hope of a job, because unemployment was so bad. But we just made ends meet.")

For five years Jeff's illness seemed stable. With intermittent trips to Toronto's Princess Margaret Hospital for checkups and treatment, he was able to carry on a quiet, non-working life.

But a year ago the couple's hope of a long remission was shattered when his condition grew suddenly worse. "It was a cold October weekend," says Lisa Marie. "We drove to Toronto not saying very much. Somebody had given me a book called ON DEATH AND DYING, and I read it without telling Jeff. I couldn't bring myself to talk about these things with him."

In Toronto doctors checked him into the Princess Margaret, and Lisa Marie found a shared flat nearby for \$40 a week—along with a roommate who lived on the fringes of the law.

"At first Diane seemed a pleasant sort of girl, but when I got to know her she showed me some expensive clothes she'd bought with bad cheques," said Lisa Marie. "I didn't know what to say."

There was little time to think. "One day the social worker at the hospital came to see me. She wanted to discuss my husband's death. Had I talked to him about it? I walked out of there with my mind blank. I must have walked for hours, not knowing where I was going."

"All I could think about was death, overdue mortgage payments, the danger of losing our home. We couldn't afford the stay in Toronto. We were ruined. Everything was caving in, collapsing. There was nothing in the world left for me."

Back in the apartment, Lisa Marie fainted. "All the good and true things I learned when I grew up were slipping away. That night I made a hard decision about survival --it was my problem. I couldn't make my husband's lot any harder by telling him how broke we were. And I thought about the cheques. It was wrong, of course. I'd never failed society before. But then, hadn't it failed me . . . ?"

At the time, the family's total income was \$702 a month from Jeff's



pension and the teenagers' part-time jobs. Expenses were \$720, excluding clothes.

"The next morning I went straight to the bank. I was desperate," she says. Unnerved and already feeling guilty, she offered the teller a cheque and some identification. A long pause-- and she walked away, half-dizzy with relief, the money in her wallet. Without stopping she walked to another branch and repeated the process.

The next day Jeff was released

from hospital to spend his final months at home in Prince Edward Island.

"The return trip was a disaster," she says. "The car broke down just outside of Kingston and we had to stop there for two days. Jeff worried all the time about how we were going to pay the repair bills and the motel. I just kept thinking it was almost Christmas and we were going home so sadly, without even a present for the children."

In a fit of recklessness, Lisa Marie rushed to a local bank and cashed a \$350 cheque. "I gave my husband \$50 to buy me a surprise present. He was happy as a child. I never told him where the money came from."

Miraculously, Jeff and Lisa Marie enjoyed their Christmas. For a few days illness, poverty and death stepped aside, and the family celebrated happily with friends and neighbours. "It was," Lisa Marie says sadly, "our best Christmas ever."

She was to have little to smile about for the next year. For on the evening of January 26, the Toronto police knocked on her door. And in 24 hours the village housewife became an accused criminal locked in a jail cell.

These are excerpts from Lisa Marie's prison diary written during the next three months in three Ontario jails.

NO. 55 POLICE STATION

When I arrived in Toronto to be booked at a show-cause hearing, I didn't think I could get through the first night. The cells are unspeakably dirty, with blood and vomit all over the floor, filthy toilet and sink and an iron bunk with no mattress covered with one soiled blanket.

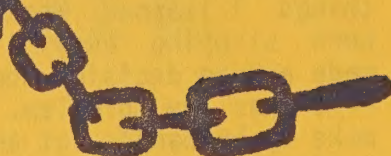
You can't sleep anyway, because the drunks and psychos are shouting and crying all night long, and it's almost a relief when the matron comes to get you up for court at 5 a.m.

Things at the old city hall courtroom are just as bad, though. Female prisoners spend the day waiting on benches in a dirty communal holding cell. On the far wall is a toilet with no door where the other prisoners and the policemen can stare at you if they like.

In the cell with you is every kind of female criminal over 16-- addicts, psychotics, murderers, child abusers, prostitutes, drug pushers, violent lesbians, and some

continued on page 36

THE MISSING LINK



Bob Eby

THE FIRST LIVING UNIT OPENED IN A CANADIAN PRISON IN 1969. Based on research and the experience of DOCTOR MAXWELL JONES' founder of a psychiatric Therapeutic Community in a hospital in England during the late 1940's, it was touted as the panacea of the future for the management of prisons and prisoners. Government propaganda for years stated that implementation of the Living Unit concept in Canadian prisons would bring about miraculous transformations in relations between prisoners and staff, and that out of the resultant "breakdown in the prisoners' code" a new milieu would develop making it possible to alter the anti-social behaviour of large groups of inmates, leading to the rehabilitation of the participating individuals.

That was back in the bad ole days when the term "rehabilitation" was being liberally kicked around, back in the Age of Aquariums when if you were under 30 everything seemed possible. But we are now well into the late morning of a new era in penology when, conservatively speaking, "rehabilitation does not exist, never did" and the people with their hands on the bootstraps will not be deterred from teaching prisoners that "to work is good, to work is therapeutic, to work is what all prisoners will do . . . just like all us Freeman" and cutbacks are being made in inmate program budgets.

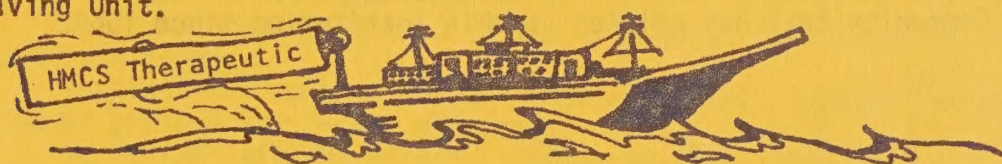


Before throwing the concept "rehabilitation" out with the bilgewater, as is being done by the new penal elite, I would like to discuss the Living Unit and Therapeutic Community concepts and experience in juxtaposition, arguing that these two programs are classic examples of the baby "rehabilitation" being dismissed out-of-hand as something that has been given an honest all-out effort but that didn't measure up to expectations; when in fact, neither "rehabilitation" nor the Living Unit concept were ever given a fair chance to go as far as they could, were ever taken to logical conclusions, were ever free of the sabotage that comes from within a system that has perpetually doomed itself to failure on its own terms because of its inability to get its priorities straight, to decide whether prisons will be simply warehouses for storing societal waste or places of correction in the true sense of the term.

Having begun my federal prison time in Kingston in 1963, I have experienced maximum-security penitentiary time first-hand. I was transferred to Joyceville medium-security in 1965, where I spent more than three years. I then hit the maximum-security penitentiary at Dorchester, New Brunswick in 1972 and was transferred to Springhill in 1974, from where I now write. Which is a long-handed way of saying that I've been around and that I've known both the Living Unit and Therapeutic Community concepts long enough to know something about them. And, since I have a Doctorate in Foolosophy but am not a stupid nor insensitive person, I allude to the notion that what I aim to say in this article has some relevance to reality.

The Springhill Institution opened its three Living Units in early 1972. Warkworth, in Ontario, was the first to use the Living Unit concept, but I will contain my remarks to the place of my first-hand experience, Springhill. The Living Unit is primarily based on the notion that if you want prisoners to learn to live peacefully in society, you should create a situation within the confines of the prison that encourages them to interact with one another more humanely, one that influences them to work in cooperation with staff rather than in the traditional, leads-nowhere-healthy, opposing camps philosophy. The bottom-line principle involved in instituting the new approach was that the correctional process was being seen as a system that needed to be more social in nature rather than feeding into the anti-socialness of the so-called "prisoners' code" -- avoiding the kind of abuse penal authorities had traditionally doled out to their charges since penitentiaries were first put into operation, thereby creating the need for the prisoners having a "code" in the first place.

And, for the most part, the principle proved itself. Contrary to popular local mythology, Springhill Institution has been one of the quietest, if not the quietest, medium-security prisons in the country. The more relaxed atmosphere arises out of two facts--firstly, by nature, both the inmates and staff of this area are less uptight and hostile towards one another than are their counterparts in other parts of Canada; and, secondly, the Living Unit has contributed to there being less justification for gut-level hostility between prisoners and staff and amongst the prisoners themselves, simply because they are treated better within the context of the Living Unit.



Instead of having a security officer posted at the end of each range as they were in the Joyceville medium-security institution when I was there, the staff in the Springhill Living units were hired with the understanding that not only would they not wear uniforms but they would be expected to behave differently than if they'd hired on as security guards. Employment inside the Living Units was to be based on the premise that the staff were going to have to rely less on the traditional authoritarianism of security officers and more on persuasion and influencing the inmates in their charge. Inmates being screened for Springhill's Living Units were chosen according to the probability of their getting along under the new regime. All participants, both staff and prisoner, were being told they were going to have to get along. The alternative left to prisoners who couldn't adjust was a trip to Dorchester maximum-security; staff, although not to the extent you would expect to find in private industry, were encouraged to take on the new treatment approach. Inmates were no longer treated as just numbers to be shunted around and counted; it was expected that all Living Unit staff would carry a caseload, much like a social worker, and that they would work with the inmates on their caseload towards stimulating and assisting them in changing the behaviour that played a part in getting them imprisoned. For the most part, and relative to experience in ordinary medium-security institutions across the country, the Living Unit has been reasonably successful in providing an atmosphere allowing change in those people, both staff and prisoner, who wanted change. There has been considerable relaxation of the usual hostility between staff and prisoners. Not to the extent that there aren't still Rednecks on staff who'll run you in or give you a hard time as soon as look at you, but, on the other side of all that, we, the Good Guys, still pull our tricks out of closets from time to time . . . it's not like we're living in an Ivory Tower heaven, where theories all of a sudden become reified, changing the world overnight. But, from this writer's viewpoint, the Living Unit has contributed towards bringing about considerable change in the institutions where it is being used.

One example of how things have changed over the years is demonstrated by the fact that between March 1963 and October 1967, I saw the outside from the outside only twice: once when they transferred me in irons from Kingston Penitentiary to Joyceville Institution, and the second time came when I participated in a band concert put on for Centennial-celebrating citizens who had been stood up by the R.C.M.P. brass band. And although it is true that most prisons now put more people out on Temporary Leaves of Absence than they used to, it is also true that Springhill Institution grants more T.L.A.'s than any other medium-security prison in the country. It is the Living Unit and its resultant relaxing of attitudes between staff and prisoners that has helped create the conditions that permit the administration to continue on with this type of programming. It is also the Living Unit that gives this institution the highest number of paroles granted in the country. The Maritimes grant paroles to something like 47 per cent of the prisoners who apply for it; the national average is running at somewhere around 32 per cent. Again, the Living Unit and its existence here over more than seven years has contributed to the way in which applications for parole are treated.

All across the board it becomes obvious that the key to creating healthier environmental conditions in any prison is in prisoner/staff relations. Where there is a reasonably open dialogue going on between these traditionally warring groups, you'll find conditions healthier and more in keeping with what's needed to create a social atmosphere, one where people can grow, nurturing more humane and socially acceptable attitudes towards one another and the world in general. But, like everything else to do with prisons in this country (and probably anywhere in the world since imprisoning people is one of the most hostile and anti-social acts one human being can perpetrate on another -- hostility leads to more hostility) the Living Unit concept has not been taken to logical conclusions, has not been backed up by enough effective social programs, ones that will enhance the growth of the individual who is benefitting from his experiences in the Living Unit. And the Living Units themselves need upgrading, if individuals participating are to derive the maximum benefit from their prison experience.

Before telling you what I think should be done about improving the Living Units, let me compare the Living Unit concept with the so-called Therapeutic Community that has existed at this institution since 1969.



The Therapeutic Community as it was set up at this prison back in 1969 was a closer facsimile of Doctor Jones' Therapeutic Community as it operated in England during the late 1940's than were the ordinary Living Units started after the Springhill T.C. opened. But, even then, there was a significant and profound difference between the two T.C.'s. Jones ran a psychiatric Therapeutic Community, whereas the unit here developed more towards a sociological community -- by that I mean that in the original T.C., the individual was bombarded with therapy sessions aimed at getting at his personal problems; whereas, the Springhill Therapeutic Community has developed into a social situation that emphasizes, not the individual's psychology, but more how the personality of the individual fits in with and adjusts to the community's needs; things get explained in terms of group concerns and needs rather than the individual's. This "sociological" approach is a long way from the intended psychiatric techniques of the original T.C. It is also one that was not an intended manifestation of the programmers. In the beginning the Springhill T.C. was to be run on the same lines as Jones' original community was, but after it couldn't be demonstrated by statistics that the Springhill T.C. automatically led to an immediate reduction in the repeater rate of returning offenders, the money it takes to retain trained psychiatric staff dried up and the unit was allowed to drift into the remotely related facsimile it now is.

The way the unit functions now is that prisoners are no longer recruited directly from the Reception Cells, but are drawn from the general population. Guys put in applications asking to be accepted into the unit, and if their institutional record is reasonably clean, especially if they are not considered aggressively violent, and it appears that they could benefit from moving into the Therapeutic Community and could make a contribution to the unit, it is not a difficult matter to get accepted. Once in the unit individuals are expected to attend the three unit meetings held

GETTING STRAIGHT

"GETTING STRAIGHT" will appear in each issue. The basic theme of each item will be attempts at looking at old notions in new ways; in other words, challenging basic values --working at getting it straight.

PAY EX-CONS TO STAY OUT OF PRISON : PSYCHOLOGIST

by Peter Kinsey of The Canadian Press

VANCOUVER (CP) — Some criminals should be pensioned off, not locked up, because it would cost less and accomplish more, says clinical psychologist DR. ALFRED KELTNER.

KELTNER, an assistant professor in the criminology department at Simon Fraser University, has worked as a therapist at the maximum-security Millhaven and medium-security Collins Bay and Joyceville penitentiaries in Ontario, "some B.C. institutions that I can't name" and several provincial institutions in B.C. and Ontario.

He thinks locking up most of the criminals now in prison is a waste of time and money.

"Canada locks up more people than any other country in the world for longer periods for lesser offences.

"We punish without effect. People go into jail, come out, and are more dangerous."

The hard core should have "confinement without malice," he says, adding that punishment is justified morally only if it reduces the deviant behavior it is trying to correct.

"The majority of people in federal prisons are in for breaking and entering, but government and police figures show that breaking and entering is not a crime pursued by authorities.

"Less than one per cent of the people who commit breaking and entering are locked up. The cost (to keep them in prison) is several times the cost of all break-ins in Canada —and the person comes out a better criminal than when he went in.

"The victim is not reimbursed for his losses, but pays taxes for the privilege of having the man come out and rob him again."

KELTNER says 90 per cent of the money spent on keeping those convicted of breaking and entering in prison should be given back to the taxpayer, while the remaining 10 per cent should be used "to pay criminals not to commit crime."

"Make it like a pension — every month the person is not charged, he gets paid."

KELTNER says the first time he suggested this alternative to incarceration, "the response was outrage."

But he replies: "I don't deserve having someone come out of jail to rob me."

"The payment would be cheaper and safer, and everybody wins. But people reject this.

"Even if 50 per cent of those getting paid were to cheat, we would still be ahead 10 times what we are doing now," he says.

"We should only consider what works, what we need, not who deserves what. What do citizens need, what does society need now?

"As long as the public screams for blood under the assumption that it is a deterrent — which it is not — politicians will not change the system because they could not survive."

THE LATE GREAT UNIT EIGHT

by al baltzer



IT IS ONCE AGAIN MY PLEASURE TO sit down and inform the reading public as to the goings on in UNIT EIGHT. As this is an end-of-the-year edition, it might be appropriate to dash through a few of the highlights of 1979.

1979 was a good year here in UNIT EIGHT. It opened with a bang for our ball hockey team, but as anyone who drives will tell you, "flats follow bangs," and that's exactly what happened. However, selective recruiting appeared to have patched the hole by summer and all was in order. Sports has once again taken off in UNIT EIGHT, and this year's ball hockey team is rated Number One at this point in the season.

Getting away from sports and looking at the home scene, a lot of faces have changed. So might I add have some of the antics. UNIT EIGHT which once enjoyed a glorious reputation (for you know what) has slowed down somewhat. Oh, we still have certain rituals and customs that must be maintained, but with a great influx of older guys and a strong Dorchester influence in the unit, it has quieted. Actually, we're just a little more subtle now than we were before -- when a dude comes to a table in the dining hall looking for a place to sit, instead of getting broken bones and other assorted delights, he's told to go and eat standing by the coffee urns.

We seem to be doing quite well in other areas too. We've been offered one night a month with lock-up at 12:00 o'clock instead of the usual 11:00, but as yet no one has ventured forth to take advantage of this gift. After watching Montreal beat the Red Army 4-2 to-night, it was suggested we go for the Buffalo/Red Army game, but I'll have to let you know more about that later.

What else can I tell you about 1979? Recorded tapes are still few and far between; stereos are on the upswing (thanks to the Tree Nursury

and E.D.P. monies coming in); we got a raise in pay (\$1.40 a day before deductions); Patty got a parole; Mike got a T.L.A.; Wayne and Monk dropped in for a stay; Frank came by to see how we are doing; George decided to stay and help out the ball hockey team; B/Denny S. got five nights cell time ("?"); Moe made the hockey team; Ronny, Jerry and Gosley all got Xmas T.L.A.s (they were going to take Kevin with them but he wouldn't comb his hair); Eric came back from the Monastery with a big smile on his face (now what does that mean?); Mike W. quit poker; Kevin R. got busted; Jimmy W. is back on the Brylcream; Mike, Wally and Cyril won a stereo (he says he's saving it for brother Dave when he comes home); Harvey was reunited with his long lost brother; Sack keeps getting Sacked; so did Bob down in the library; and, last, but not least, we all got pizzas. I say last but not least because I could go on with this forever. There are ninety-some odd guys here and they all have a story to tell. Like Dave S. who did such a fantastic job as the Assistant-to-the-Assistant Manager of the Rovers last summer that Monk promoted him to Assistant Manager of the Ball Hockey team. Then there's Kenny W. -- the story there is simple enough, but the question is which one....

Well, all in all, we had a grand old time here in '79. It's such a shame to see it all end. Before I leave though, I gotta tell you about Superman: WOW! FAAAAANTASTIC, Man... I mean, like, you know, far out. Unbelievable! If you haven't seen it, you gotta see it. And, believe me, Man... you GOTTA BE HIGH....

See ya in '80 (if they don't nab me first).



N·N·NUMBER N·N·NINE

Ray Mooney

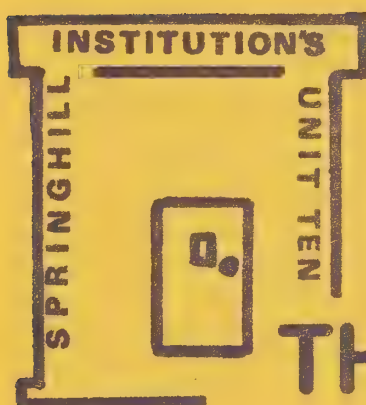
WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN INTO A NEW decade. One year gone, one less to do, and one step closer to freedom. Let's hope that we all succeed in getting that step to freedom within this decade.

Our unit has been quite active over the Xmas season. A lot of planning went into tournaments with it resulting in a lot of participation by the guys in the unit. The Best in the East in the DART SINGLES was BRYAN. We also had a unit tournament and the winner was our good friend ATKINSON. Now, to really blow your mind; on a FREE DART THROW with five darts, we had a top winner with a score of 210 by GRIF-FITTS. Tough to beat, eh! WHIST DOUBLES, a favorite game of many guys, were won by DeYOUNG and FOTHERINGHAM. CRIB DOUBLES were won by ATKINSON and COLES. Rumour had it

that RUNDLE was the best in chess; sure enough, he's the Number One chess player in the unit. DART DOUBLES were won by McCARTHY and RUNDLE. We also held draws with prizes, giving everyone a shot at winning a thing or two.

Looking back on it all, NUMBER NINE was very quiet and peaceful during the Xmas season. A special thanks goes out to all who helped make the holidays a success. I don't think there is any need to mention any names... all I can say is our thanks go out to all the guys that helped through giving their cooperation and time. With that in mind, let's hope that this year brings us all to greener pastures.

I guess that's all she wrote for this time.



THERAPY IS ...

by Iard erg

BOY, WHAT A BIG FAMILY WE ARE THESE days. It seems that the institution is in the midst of a population explosion (not through the process of fornication, we hope) and NUMBER TEN is the temporary warehouse for new clientel. Our normal unit population of 60 Theraputes has been infiltrated by two ranges full of Reception inmates. With a joint population of over 420, this has to be the time to write for parole.

Christmas was extremely dull this year. In fact things were so slow that GARY JACKSON fell well short of his quota (self-imposed) of six guys for the Hole by six. Bah, humbug... Better luck next time, Jackson.

We are happy to see another change in the Purchasing Agent job. Happy because the old one, MIKE MOORE, has gotten a Day Parole to go organizing in Halifax. Happy as well to see the job go to another Therapute, GORDIE ROSE, who we are certain will do his best to satisfy all requests.

The operation of the unit canteen has also changed hands since our last report. The new operator is REG GILBERT, so we can expect the canteen to be "short" staffed in the future. Reg is already planning on renovations to the canteen, to accommodate a juke box, pinball machines, pool tables, dance floor, liquor license and barbecue chicken

rotisserie.

Our new t.v. is still up in the air but DOUG DOBSON assures us it is going to land before the end of the month. He has a new deal worked out and it appears we may even find enough money this time.

To get back to the crowded unit again, we now have two new staff members. GEORGE BEATON and CHARLIE MAHONEY joined us recently from NUMBER NINE. Charlie will eventually return to Unit Nine but it appears that George is here to his Mandatory Date. The office is so crowded these days that it's gett-

ing very difficult to brown-nose a parole.

Now that the Christmas period is over, it appears there are some more T.A.s in the wind. Already scheduled are bowling and swimming T.A.s, and there is talk of a hockey game against the staff. Perhaps having the additional staff in the unit will make the arranging of T.A.s a little easier.

With little else left to report, it's time to push through the crowd and go to the canteen, play a little pinball, pool, buy a barbecued chicken, and watch the new t.v.



NOTE: Due to his having ascended to the ninth astral plane, HADJI IDATOLYAHSO is not available for comment at this time; therefore, his follower and faithful disciple, HADJI MAMATOLMENOTTOCOME will be replacing him temporarily.

SEASONS GREETINGS and Salutations, Brothers of the Green. I trust that the New Year finds you all in good spirits... preferably 80 proof. The great Yuletide Festival is over, and it was indeed a successful one in ELEVENTH HEAVEN, with no earthquake or other natural disaster having occurred.

The season, of course, was celebrated following the ancient traditions of the Brotherhood of the Green, with the garlanding of our ancient and well trodden pathways, with tournaments to test the mysti-

cal skills of our adepts in chess and cards, and, of course, with films to dull the mind and liberate the soul for Astral Travel to other planes.

However, these are merely amusements and not the central points of this time. In all seriousness, there was a real feeling of brotherhood in ELEVENTH HEAVEN... a feeling of true inner peace in which the strong supported the weaker brethren. This time of Peace and Love can be a sad time for some, and it did my ancient heart good to see the true fraternal closeness among the Brothers of the Green.

I congratulate you, my Brothers, and offer my sincere wishes that this fraternal closeness will continue during the year of 1980.

Salaam Aleikem... Peace

Ecology Action

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AS I SEE IT



OUR PRISONS

STILL IN CRISIS

(THE SUNDAY STAR, July 22, 1979, Toronto)

THE TRAGEDY OF CANADIAN PRISONS IS THAT SO MANY PRISON ADMINISTRATORS have become tired, cynical and discouraged. It has become fashionable in recent years for them to say that rehabilitation doesn't work, that no matter what you do the same percentage of repeaters keeps coming back.

For these administrators there's no reason to make prisons anything but unpleasant and uncomfortable; they see their role as being to protect society by keeping criminals out of circulation for as long as their sentences allow. No more nonsense of halfway houses, temporary leaves or parole.

The trouble with this approach is that rehabilitation has never really been tried in Canadian prisons.

There has been considerable talk of prison reform, a plethora of "pilot projects" instituted one year and dropped the next; much prattling in prison circles of "behaviour modification" and "opportunity models." But in spite of the swirl of buzzwords little has changed for the inmates inside the prison walls.

Prisoners are still seen as the product of a "bad seed" that cannot be altered. Little is done to help them change their basic attitudes and behaviour.

True, changing inmates' attitudes is a difficult task requiring considerable patience and skill. But it can be done.

For example, McGill University criminologist Dr. Bernard Cormier, working with the New York state prison system has brought about significant personality changes in violent and dangerous offenders through intensive group therapy.

In contrast, most rehabilitative programs in Canadian prisons offer too little too late. Given the number of inmates--10,000 in federal prisons and at least 16,000 in provincial institutions --there are only a handful of psychologists and even fewer psychiatrists. Interestingly, Cormier was not allowed to test his program in Canadian prisons.

Programs, once launched, are frequently interrupted. If, for example, there is an escape from the prison all activities are suspended until the authorities feel it is safe to start again. If there is unrest among inmates, prisoners are kept locked in their cells for days and cannot attend their group sessions.

Inmates are arbitrarily transferred from one prison to another in mid-program. Staff are switched just as freely from one task to another.

Small wonder so many rehabilitative programs fail. Small wonder they are greeted cynically by inmates.

So long as there is a commitment to rehabilitation by prison administrators there is still a chance the system will one day become better. But once that conviction is lost, then horrible things follow.

Prisoners are regarded as brutes incapable of change or human feeling. Prisons become warehouses for storing people. The major emphasis becomes efficient management.

Since the most efficient way to manage people in a prison is to keep them locked in their cells all day and feed them through a slot in the door, any form of training, education or recreation that requires letting them out of their cells is frowned upon.

Society is not protected by such a prison system. The end result is hostile, bitter men who return to their homes more disoriented and less able to cope than when they began doing time.

A prison system which does not constantly aim at rehabilitation becomes a human hell. Rather than turn its back on rehabilitation, we trust the new solicitor-general, Allan Lawrence, will urge the Canadian Corrections

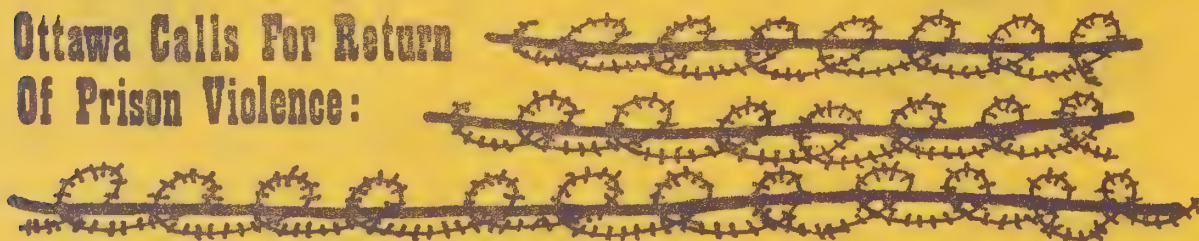
Service to introduce rehabilitative programs in earnest for the first time. Otherwise, we will continue to experience the same dismal hostage takings, smash-ups, hunger strikes, sitdowns and riots in the coming years that disturbed us during the life of the last government.

This is no small matter. At least 500,000 Canadians have seen the inside of a prison cell at sometime in their life, one in about 25 adults. Since women commit fewer offences the figure among men is probably one in 15.

Surely a problem of this dimension, involving so many people, deserves our best effort rather than resigned cynicism.



Ottawa Calls For Return Of Prison Violence:



(From READER'S VIEWS,
the Ottawa Citizen)

With all the violence that has occurred in Canada's prisons during the past decade, a person would think that Ottawa would be pleased that in one of the worst prisons—Millhaven—there was a group concerned with prison conditions that wanted to bring about changes through non-violent methods. Such is not the case.

The Odyssey Group has submitted briefs on prison conditions and through the Odyssey Newsletter has informed their readers how prisons, the parole board and parole service operate. Ottawa now wants to abolish the Odyssey Group and the Odyssey Newsletter.

The penitentiary service has done its part. Its first move was to transfer the chairman of the group, HOWIE BROWN, to British Columbia and the editor of the Newsletter, myself, to Collins Bay, but the Odyssey is more than just two people and others took up the reins. Now,

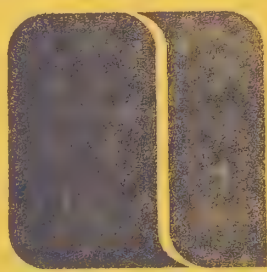
Ottawa is making its move.

It is true that "the pen is mightier than the sword." (No pun intended.) Is Ottawa calling for the return of violence of prisoners? It would appear that way because they find non-violent methods unacceptable.

Of course when prisoners resort to violence to air their grievances it gives the authorities the chance to "crack down," which is popular with the public and helps to justify the fact that there are 9,465 prison employees to watch over 9,317 prisoners.

Someone should remind Ottawa that a group isn't required to write a brief. Any prisoner can. The CPS—Canadian Paranoia Service—doesn't want the public to learn what is happening behind prison walls.

GEORGE WATSON, No. 3538,
Collins Bay Penitentiary, Kingston



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THE ENVELOPE PLEASE . . .

TADAAAAH...

The Corrections Service of Canada (CSC) has received the blessing of their American brothers in criminological circles in the latest attempts to streamline this spar of the ponderous ship of state. DONALD YEOMANS, the Commissioner of Penitentiaries, has cracked the proverbial whip... and by golly, we jumped!

A team of experts from south of the border visited this prison and found that we meet 96% of the essential criteria to appear in their Michelin Guide to the North American Gulag. A veritable blizzard of Commissioner's Directives, Policy Papers, Routine Orders, Standing Orders, Sitting Orders, Inter-Office Memos, Regional Breakdowns, National Breakdowns, Nervous Breakdowns and Flag Folding Procedures have ground the teeth of the Maritime Command cutting sharp. It is indeed a source of pride to be brought up to the level of such memorable destroyers as the USS ATTICA, the USS SOLEDAD, the USS ALCATRAZ and the USS FOLSOM. On future Remembrance Days, held on August 10th in this country, we will be proud to have served in our country's battle against the evils of decadence and moral decay— "Look, Ma... no cavities!"

All memory of those Columnist-inspired agitators, the Gang of Thirteen, who presented their "shocking" manifesto to the Canadian public in the form of the Report to Parliament of the Subcommittee on the Penitentiary System in Canada, has been shredded from the record and will never be mentioned again. Thankfully, our patriotic service was able to resist the 65 items in that horrendous document until those Liberal sympathizers were expelled from the capital. Now that we have elected a truly Preservative government under the firm hand of Joe "the Purger" Clark (with no EEEEEEE....), many former public employees will find themselves regretting past weaknesses. Frobisher Bay is scheduled to become a major government centre, and those Liberal-livered Red sympathizers will find themselves in the land of the frozen stamp pad. LIAISON MAGAZINE, the official newsletter of the active Overpond Service Corps in the Maritimes gives us the following maxim to follow: "Each of the agencies completed a detailed self-evaluation of its administrative documentation and drew up a plan to remedy any perceived deficiencies...."

The HMCS SPRINGHILL steams full-speed-ahead into the sunset, fuelled by the fires of determination and pride. In recent months innovative Canadian troops have come up with another breakdown in administrative expediency and production management. This winter, the home fires will be kept burning with tons of newly shredded documents provided by the Freedom of Information legislation. This new feature is expected to save the government millions of dollars of the taxpayer's money in time spent reading redundant material like inmate files, in legal fees from suits that could have arisen from allowing Liberal sniveller lawyers getting their hands on documents that could be used by prisoners to sue the C.S.C., in materials needed to deal with the wasteful projects designed by the previous government, and in fuel bills.

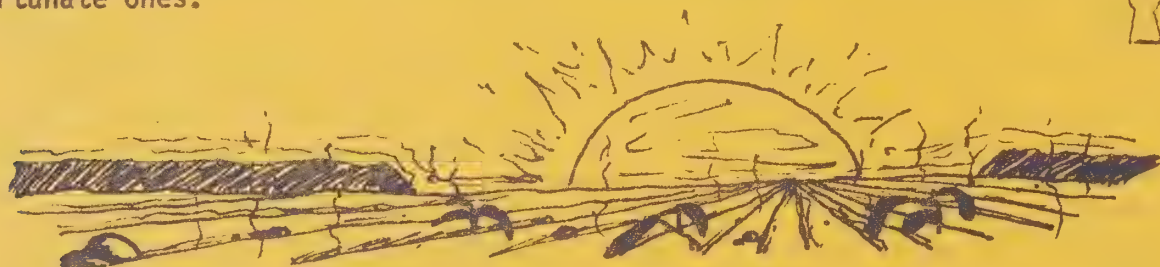
Thousands of eager public servants whipping themselves into shape to please their Preservative masters has been a wonderful experience to witness. In future generations' history books, we will be remembered as the pure-minded workers who drove the shadow of those Liberal Wreckers from our serene Canadian landscape.

UNDERDEVELOPMENT IN 12 EASY STAGES

Quaker Concern, 60 Lowther Avenue, Toronto M5R 1C7
(Our source is the PRAIRIE MESSENGER Catholic Weekly)

Here's how to become one of the two billion or so typical families of the underdeveloped world:

1. TAKE OUT THE FURNITURE; leave just a few old blankets, a kitchen table, one wooden chair.
2. THROW OUT THE CLOTHES. Each one may keep the oldest suit or dress, a shirt or blouse. The head of the family has the only pair of shoes.
3. All kitchen appliances have already gone. Keep a box of matches, a small bag of onions, a dish of dried beans. RESCUE THOSE MOULDY POTATOES FROM THE GARBAGE CAN; those are tonight's meal.
4. DISMANTLE THE BATHROOM, shut off the running water, take out the wiring and lights and everything that runs by electricity.
5. NOW TAKE AWAY THE HOUSE and move the family into the toolshed.
6. By now ALL THE OTHER HOUSES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD HAVE GONE instead there are shanties--for the fortunate ones.
7. CANCEL ALL THE NEWSPAPERS and magazines. Throw out the books. You won't miss them --you are all now illiterate. One radio is left for the whole shantytown.
8. NO MORE POSTMAN, FIREMAN, GOVERNMENT SERVICES. The two-classroom school is three miles away, but only half the children go anyway.
9. NO HOSPITAL, NO DOCTOR. The nearest clinic is now 10 miles away. Get there by bus, or by bicycle if you're lucky enough to have one.
10. THROW OUT YOUR BANKBOOKS, stock certificates, pension plans, insurance policies, social security records. You have left a cash hoard of \$10.
11. GET OUT AND START CULTIVATING YOUR THREE ACRES. Try hard to raise \$600 in cash crops, because your landlord wants a third and your local moneylender 10 per cent.
12. BUT IT WON'T BE ENOUGH to keep bodies healthy, so lop off 25 to 30 years in life expectancy.



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COMMITTEE NOTES:

Drew Hennessey,
Chairman, Inmate Committee

As some of you may, or may not, be aware, there is an Inmate Committee in this institution; and for those who may be in a state of complete apathy, you have my sympathy. The Inmate Committee has, at times, been a little shaky; what with members resigning and the like, due to their seemingly not being able to accomplish what they had set out to do. But, I ask you, have you never gone fishing or hunting and not caught anything? Did it deter you from going to the same fish pond or woods the following weekend? This may not seem an adequate analogy to many of you but it does illustrate the principle that all that is required is a sense of patience: Rome, as they say, was not built in a day. Basically, I'm writing this to inform you of this committee's endeavours to make things a bit better for those of us in the inmate population.

Since taking office as Chairman, a few events have gone on that I feel are noteworthy:

1. The XMAS CARD SALE in November/December was welcomed and appreciated by all who made purchases. There was a wide variety of cards to choose from and the sale went very well. A minimal profit was made to cover losses.

2. FAMILY VISITING DAY was warmly accepted and received by all who participated. Special thanks should go to all the guys who helped in setting up and preparations for the event, and especially to those inmates who worked throughout the day. Thanks should also be extended to the KITCHEN STAFF for their efforts with the food supplied during the day and for its preparation.

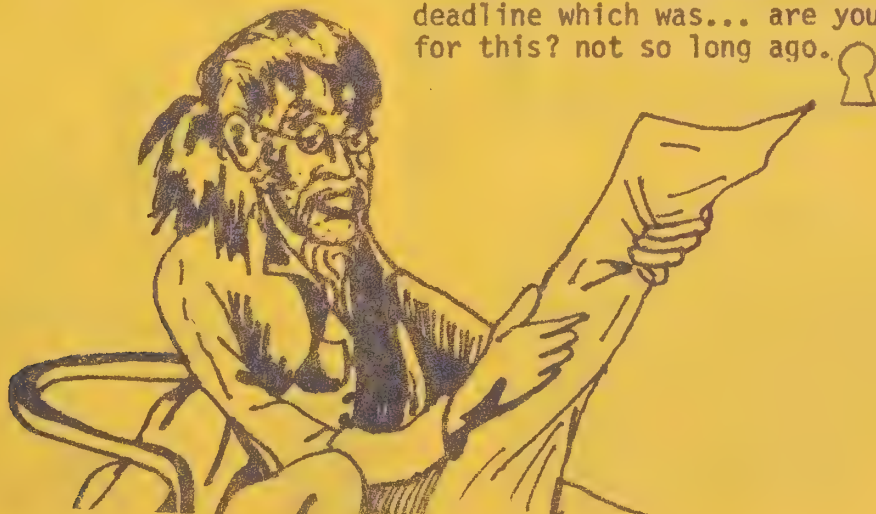
3. The XMAS CANTEEN ORDERS went fairly well with a few minor problems, but most were remedied and everyone apparently was pleased. Many thanks go out to those involved in this endeavour.

4. XMAS BINGO: What can be said about a bingo? The winners were glad; the ones who lost are left with a chance at another time. I heard a few passing comments on some of the prizes; my retort is, "You were expecting a \$1,000.00 jack-pot, yes!" Nuff said.

5. ENTERTAINMENT: a) A short while ago (I have a misconstrued concept of time when referring to specific dates) BOB EDGETT brought his boxers in for a series of bouts in the old gym which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. We are happy to express a much warranted vote of thanks and appreciation to Bob for providing us with an afternoon to long be remembered.

b) Shortly before that (my misconstrued concept of time again) a magic show was here to entertain and dazzle us. Yet there are those among us who seemingly can't be entertained and have a tendency to voice this attitude. I don't know what it is like to be perfect and not have made or make mistakes, but, alas, I am also not that naive to expect to be enlightened by those who think they are. There remains those of us who had fun watching the magic... Hey, you guys, how about a hint on the box trick!

Well, guys, that's about all I have to report to you for now; but stay stuned, don't touch that dial... know what's being done and what's going on. I had best be getting this to the Editor-in-chief of this rag before the proposed editorial deadline which was... are you ready for this? not so long ago.



PAROLE SERVICES PRAISED FOR SUCCESS RATE IN WORK

by Hattie Densmore, Halifax
Chronicle-Herald

TRURO — IT IS UNREALISTIC FOR THE PUBLIC to think a parole service can attain a 100 per cent success, any more than this mark is attained in any other business, JANET YORKE, former director of corrections for New York State, said in a telephone interview.

MRS. YORKE said the public does not understand the parole service and the current thinking in North America is "put a prisoner away, keep him locked up, and we can forget about him."

She praised the Truro office of the Correctional Service of Canada because of the individual case handling of parolees and the success story the office has achieved.

Monday the Truro office, along with the Halifax and Saint John offices received full accreditation from the American Commission on Accreditation for Correction, following a three-month audit of its work by Mrs. Yorke and Edward Elwin, Albany, N.Y., executive director of the New York State Parole Board.

Mrs. Yorke said she is particularly impressed with the individual case plan found in the Truro office, and the efforts put into the success of day parole.

She said "crime is an unpleasant subject, but it is one that must be talked about. There is no miracle going to solve crimes or change prisoners into model citizens when they come back into the community."

Unfortunately, she said, the published stories on the parole system are ones that tell of escapes and other misfortunes. The success stories are not told, to maintain the privacy of the individuals in-

involved.

The Truro district office, which covers Cumberland, Colchester, Antigonish, and Guysborough counties, deals mainly with the Springhill medium-security prison, and Dorchester Penitentiary, along with local jails. It also prepares the parole cases for the inmates of Shulie Lake Forest Camp, where the prisoners work in the woods for Scott Paper Company.

DAVID LAVERS, district director of the Truro office, said his personnel recognize that the parole service has two obligations, one to protect society, and the other to deal with the prisoner.

These objectives have been given equal status in the Truro district and Mr. Lavers has power to give police a warrant for the arrest of a parolee if the need arises. He said the public, which generally doesn't understand the parole system, and is very critical of it, doesn't differentiate between a person on parole and one who is out of the penitentiary on mandatory release and has likely been refused parole.

Mr. Lavers said the failure rate in mandatory cases is from 55 to 60 per cent, while the failure rate in parole cases is only about 15 per cent.

MRS. ANNE MacDONALD, Stewiacke, was coordinator for the project which saw the Truro office win top accreditation.

Two federal Community Correctional Centres in the Maritime region were also accredited. The Parrottown Centre in St. John and the Carleton Centre in Halifax were both awarded certificates.

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HOLOCAUST A DEFINITE POSSIBILITY

by Heather Myers,
Dalhousie Gazette

WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER "HOLOCAUST" ON our hands if Canada's prison system is not changed, said B.C. prisoners' rights activist CLAIRE CULHANE, speaking at the DALHOUSIE LAW HOUR in the Weldon Law Building last Thursday morning.

Culhane attacked the prison system for both its cruelty and ineffectiveness, and expressed concern for inmates and their future victims. Most prisoners have not committed violent crimes, she said, but after spending 2-10 brutalizing years in a federal prison, they are "walking time bombs."

Claire Culhane recognized the need for law and order within the prison and in society, but claimed nothing short of elimination of the present federal prison system will achieve this.

She stated discrimination starts in court, where most judges are ignorant of both the conditions of prisons and the life of the socially and economically deprived classes from which the majority of the accused come. Culhane cited records indicating that native people are consistently given longer than average sentences for minor offenses, supporting her claim that racism is practiced against the native offender.

The Canadian government has a budget of \$480,000,000 for prison construction, Culhane said, despite the recommendation of the Law Reform Commission that prison be used only as a last resort, and contrary to statistics that predict Canada will need fewer, not more, prison cells in the future.

Culhane pointed out that at the cost of \$30,000 per prisoner, Canada has a reputation for keeping more people incarcerated per capita than any other Western nation. Yet, the administration at Kingston women's prison dropped a desperately needed life skills program operating at a mere \$4,000 because it "cost too much." Rehabilitation cannot exist given the present attitudes in our prison system, Culhane said.

Alternatives to prison, she asserted, are available, once one looks at the problem and its solution in the context of society and its crimes. For the 5% of inmates convicted of violent crime, she believes detention is necessary. But rather than maximum security prison, these few need the specialized medical and psychological treatment that could clearly be provided out of the ample government budget. For non-violent prisoners, particularly first offenders, diversion projects, which give convicts a chance to make restitution, should be expanded, she recommended.

Responding to questions from the audience, Culhane suggested that lawyers can be most helpful by suing wherever possible on behalf of a prisoner who has been beaten or abused. Ordinary citizens can write letters, visit prisons, and generally lobby from the outside. Complain to the media, if you are barred from prison. If there were compulsory press conferences inside federal prisons every month, Culhane said, prisoners would not be driven to riots and hostage-takings to make their voices heard.



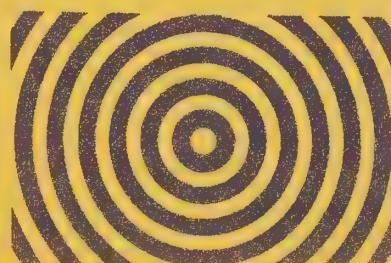
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FILE THIRTEEN



by joe basha

IRONICALLY, THIS ARTICLE STARTED out in defence of J.C. -- not the one with the cherubs, but the guy with the peanuts. But, alas, he needs no defence from me, as I feel that he has the Iranian matter and the Oil Producing Exporting Countries well under control; and just to make things a little more kosher he has the United States Navy and the United States Air Force well situated in the Arabian Sea.

So, in actuality, there isn't much to talk about, except the weather and the prospect of many snow storms before we see the ground hog again. Speaking of snow storms, or maybe that should be snow jobs(yep, snow jobs it should be); did you see the one that just came out of Ottawa? Lots of snow jobs have come out of the capital city over the last 14 years, but the latest is a classic. This one even topped the Ali/Spinks mismatches -- and they fooled the entire sports world.

To say the least, I was dumbfounded when Joe Joe and his Pee C's beat Pierre and his gang. I really didn't think it was possible. And then when Pierre Elliot resigned as leader of the Liberals, I was shattered; the feeling was one reminiscent of the day I found out that there was no Santa Claus. There was snow falling everywhere. People were talking of a new Liberal leader. They were actually serious; the institution of Trudeaumania was finally over.

The most logical names for the leadership slot came up first: JOHN TURNER, an astute gentleman, with lots of political savvy, and enough charisma to stifle a cobra was first on some peoples' list. But he said no. Then DONALD A. MacDONALD's name popped in out of the weather. He brushed the snow from his clothes, and said no. By the time some-

one mentioned JEAN CHRETIAN's and MARC LALONDE's names and omitted CLUADE RYAN's, there was about two feet of snow on the ground and a light breeze coming out of the East. Something was wrong. The government's Finance Minister, Scrooge Crosby was bringing down the Budget, and there wasn't a permanent leader of the Opposition, nor would there be for another 3½ months. The minute I heard the budget, it was as plain as the nose on Jimmy Durante's face, I knew there would be trouble. The light breeze that was blowing from the East had turned into a gale force wind and all of Canada was being snowed under.

In part the budget was ridiculous. Imagine the nerve of Scrooge Crosby asking Canadians to stop spending and sacrifice, while he bathes in his heated pool at his mansion on Logy Bay Road. This upstart son of a rum smuggler has the gaul to tell people to be frugal while he and Clark live in the lap of luxury.

Of course the government came down. And of course Trudeau is going to once again be Prime Minister, but this time he not only outsmarted all of Canada, he outsmarted himself. ED BROADBENT may never be Prime Minister, but for the next few years he will have the satisfaction of knowing that whoever the Prime Minister of Canada is will only be there as a figure head. The N.D.P. will be co-rulers of Canada for a long time to come, unless the Pee C's and Liberals come up with new leaders and new platforms. Trudeaumania is over, and the likes of Joe Clark and Scrooge Crosby haven't a chance in the competitive world of politics. One is a country bumpkin and the other is a Herring Choker, with neither having foresight, experience, charisma orchutzpah.

Letter To Freemen Everywhere:

November 29th, 1979

MY SECOND HOME IS THE SOUTHERN OHIO CORRECTIONAL FACILITY. I have not missed a visiting day in six years. Over those years I have known Ohio's most dangerous and reprehensible criminals. I have never met a man I believed was not guilty and justifiably punished by the state. But from the most hardened career thief to the coldest murderer, I have never met a single man that could not be reached by love. Lack of love in the past is a basic ingredient in many crimes. Lack of love does not excuse the crime, nor does the crime excuse the criminal being deprived of love now.

I have known unbelievable things to go on behind the walls of the S.O.C.F. Rape, extortion, gambling, drugs, selling of human flesh are commonplace. But without exception, when a convict comes to the visiting room and his child runs to his arms, he is tender; when he takes his woman in his arms a coldness in his heart melts. Has any court ever sentenced a man to be deprived of these things? And if a criminal is to be restored to society, what better means of beginning the rehabilitation process than with the love of family and friends?

The inmates seem to value visits far more than the administration does. The visiting room is always quiet and orderly. Very few prisoners would think of doing anything to cause their visits to be terminated or otherwise impaired. But the administration, who claims visiting is encouraged, time and again has cut visiting hours and reduced the number of persons on an inmate's visiting list. It seems obvious to me that not only does the administration not encourage visiting, it does everything possible to discourage close contact with friends and family. But the final lot has not yet been cast. I have been informed by the maintenance supervisor of S.O.C.F. that partitions are being built for the J-block visiting room. In the future all visits will be through a glass or a screen, there will be no human contact. By Christmas of this year there will be no more hugs for daddy's little boy, and no more "I missed you" kiss for the sweetheart. All inmates in J-block complex will be barred from ever again

touching the only hope they know. It would seem that it would require great provocation for such action, but to my knowledge there has not been the slightest disturbance in the J-block visiting room.

I wish to remind you, the public, that these men are in prison because they in some way could not adjust to society. But the majority of these men will one day be released to our streets again. I promise you that after years behind those bars, forced to live in a depraved and distorted atmosphere and deprived of their loved ones, they will be only colder when released. Taking away a prisoner's loved ones takes away his hope and his reason for trying to make his life right.

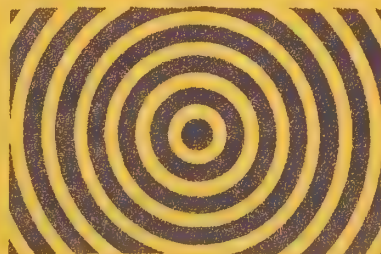
Because the prospect of this action scares me I have taken my own time and money to write this letter and mail it to every daily newspaper in the state of Ohio. I beg of any concerned citizen to make the small investment of a letter or a phone call to the Department of Correction and demand that the plans for these visiting partitions be stopped before the walls are put in place. Contact: George F. Denton, Director, Department of Rehabilitation and Correction, 1050 Freeway Drive North, Columbus, Ohio 43229; Telephone (614) 466-2212 or 466-6190.

Respectfully submitted,

Deborah L. Nickerson

Deborah L. Nickerson,
323 East Avenue, # 4,
ELYRIA, Ohio 44035

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Accent On Youth



Joe Basha
Mark Spears

ACCENT ON YOUTH IS A SELF-MOTIVATED, non-profit organization here at Springhill medium-security Institution that is entirely run by inmates. A O Y, as it is known to most people has one motive... to help deter the youth of today from crime.

Unlike present groups and some from the past, A O Y does not employ scare tactics. We feel it is much better to reach young people in a way they will understand and respect, through counselling and lecturing in their own environment, relating our experiences to them from a rational perspective, rather than through fear.

This lecturing and counselling is usually done in schools and youth clubs. Any day of the week an A O Y member can be seen leaving the institution on his way to a high school to talk to teens who suspect its just another ploy to scare them into doing the right thing. Well, at A O Y we know this and are prepared to handle it. We don't try to scare them, we speak of our own experiences, our own short-comings, and where we made our mistakes, in an effort to make the teenager think. Our motive is to help them see that if he or she is on the road to crime, it doesn't pay, and they will eventually be caught. We speak of the shame and disgrace they will bring upon themselves and their families and others they love. We tell them of the drawbacks of having a criminal rec-

ord, and what it means in society as far as employment is concerned. We explain the capabilities of police organizations in the Space Age, of their technology, and how it is only a matter of time before the police get them, and they are doing time.

At A O Y we feel if we only help one youngster, our group is worthwhile; but through correspondence we have received, we know our success rate is much higher. After every school engagement, we receive at least three or four letters from both male and female students thanking us, telling us how they feel we helped them. Our group has countless letters from teachers and principals thanking us, inviting us back.

Just recently the A O Y group at Springhill was featured on TAKE 30, a national television program, and people from all over Canada cited the A O Y group as being one of the most worthwhile groups involved in crime prevention to come along in many years. Their praise and congratulations came in the form of over thirty-five letters to the C.B.C., explaining the hope that not only would our organization continue, but more groups of the same type and using the same methods would evolve.

A O Y is living proof that people do care, and essentially that is what A O Y is all about -- People Caring.



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than a wall with peeling flesh
than a lamp with a sliver in its eye
than a faucet with a broken nose
than a drain with a bone in its throat
than a bathtub with a welt around its stomach
than a heater with a tropical fever
than a mirror with a razor in its arm,
bleeding over a weeping table.

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San Francisco



O Canada

By ROBERT SHEPPARD

OTTAWA — Senator George McIlraith, solicitor-general from 1968 to 1970, denied yesterday that he was told Mounties were breaking the law, and said failing eyesight prevented him from reading many documents that came his way during his last years in the Cabinet.

His denial, in testimony before the McDonald inquiry into RCMP wrongdoing, contradicts a memo by the director-general of the RCMP security service at that time, filed as evidence earlier this month.

In the handwritten memo, John Starnes said he mentioned to Mr. McIlraith that "the RCMP had in fact been carrying out illegal activities for two decades and that this point had been made in various discussions."

Under questioning yesterday by commission counsel W.A. Kelly, Senator McIlraith would not say that the memo was false, only "that the contents of the document do not relate to me" and that Mr. Starnes' interpretation of their discussion was "totally mistaken."

Senator McIlraith, who will be 71 in July, recalled that on Nov. 24, 1970, the day mentioned in the memo, Mr. Starnes accompanied him to a meeting of the Cabinet committee on priorities and planning, where a lengthy memo written by the deputy minister of justice was read aloud.

That memo dealt in part with "the inherent contradiction . . . that security and intelligence work may require those engaged in it to undertake activities that are contrary to law and which would prove to be unacceptable and embarrassing to . . . a police force whose duty it is to uphold and enforce the law."

Senator McIlraith offered a different interpretation of the term "inherent contradiction" than has been offered by any previous witness at the inquiry. He said it referred to the problems of federal and provincial jurisdictions in criminal matters and not to the possibility that the Mounties would have to break the law in the national interest.

He said that although he had a copy of that memorandum he did not read it at the time because cataracts forced him to restrict his reading during his last five years as a minister.

(Globe and Mail, Wednesday, April 25, 1979)

UNION \$ BACKFIRE

(From NEW ROOTS)

The largest pool of private capital in the world—roughly \$500 billion and growing at 10 percent a year—is in U.S. pension funds. But much of that money is being invested against the interests of workers. According to a recent study by Corporate Data Exchange, Inc., and the Peoples' Business Commission, the funds are managed by bank and insurance firms that direct large proportions of the money into non-union corporations, violators of Occupational Health and Safety standards and the Equal Opportunity Act, and companies with major South African investments. The study analyzes stock holdings of 142 pension plans.



OPEN HOUSE

A touching little quote from Miss Joy Kinsley, Governor of Pucklechurch Remand Centre: "The prison service is probably one of the last ones left that actually cares for people. You can be refused admission to a hospital, a children's home or an old people's home, but we always take whoever is sent us."

Warms your heart, doesn't it? There's always a bed and a roof waiting for you somewhere... the wonders of the welfare state.

(From BLACK FLAG and the SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER with thanks.)

LOVE IS NOT ENOUGH

Speak out to wound
but not to heal
reach out to strike
but not to shield
recall the gall
not the bliss forget
what gentleness there was.
Remember past neglectfulness
the endless frustration
when love is not enough.

Try to understand
the frailty of a man
who loves in man's perfect way
and knows his love
is not enough.
Someday when we're stronger
much stronger than of late
forgive and my forgiveness take
and never say that love
is not enough.

© Jack Brooks,
St. Alphonse, Quebec





WAREHOUSE: ...If You Lived Here will be seen in each issue. It is a fictional journal, a fantasy, reflective of the author's prison experiences in a maximum-security penitentiary. All names and events mentioned are historically fictional but poetically true, and will remain so protecting the guilty.

CHRISTMAS . . .

I REMEMBER THE FIRST CHRISTMAS I SPENT IN A PENITENTIARY CELL. It was back in 1962 and, yeh, you guessed it . . . it was right here in this fuckin' place. I was doing my standard fin and it was like all the ones that followed. I've got . . . what? . . . maybe nine, ten . . . I don't know, too many, in. Anyway, it was nine or ten years ago and I was feeling about as good as I am about the one coming up. Cards had been coming in for a month or two; all wishing a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, all from guys I'd done time with back in the reformatories. Fuck . . . you'd think somebody would stop and think before sending one of those mass produced shit cards. But, then again, maybe they're trying to tell me something . . . or maybe themselves.

There was a lot of hubbub going on that year. Some guy had gotten out of a pen in the west and sent a present to one of the screws who worked the Dome. He took a copy of Anthony Adverse, hollowed it out, and loaded it with some kind of explosive set so it would go off when the package got opened. The screw got it in the mail and opened it while his nine year old son was standing alongside him. The boy lost his eyes, the guard both his hands. He's now the first person anyone visiting a guy in New West has to deal with. He sits behind a desk, two stainless steel pairs of hands gleaming, working like those games we used to put money into at the carny when we were kids, trying to win the grand prize by picking it up with pinzers, fingers without feeling.

It was being kicked around that he was the kind of prison guard who got what he asked for, that he was one of the kind who went around looking for guys to bust, always giving someone a hard time. Comments like, "Hey, I hear they gave that bull out west a job as handball instructor to the guards" and "D'ya think that bull still believes in Sanna Claus" were crackling down through the ranges. The staff down in the Dome were unusually quiet. I couldn't help thinking that even though Anitown was more than fifteen hundred miles from where the bombing took place, pay-back time would come, and we would be "it." No one mentioned the bull's kid, the nine year old youngster left stumbling in the dark, feeling for gifts, his first year as a child without eyes. I remember being struck by the seeming arrogance of his father— I couldn't imagine anyone feeling so sure of himself that he would accept an unreturnable package in the mail while working at an occupation whose bottom line is predicated upon interference in other people's lives.

It was in that same year that another prison guard got it. He'd walked into the shower room over in the dormitory above the laundry and surprised two guys getting ready to get it on . . . one with a knife. The guy with the shiv panicked, knowing he'd go to the Hole for the rest of his bit with his record, and he went after the guard. The bull was stabbed thirty or forty times in the back of the neck and shoulders: he'd been on his knees, pleading for his life, when it was taken. When the man's body was found, his fellow staff members were so uptight about leaving him lying there in a pool of blood, where he could be seen by the cons in the dormitory, they ordered his body removed to the prison hospital and the mess in the washroom cleaned up. When the Mounties got inside the prison a couple of hours later to do their investigation, the shower stall walls and bathroom were spotless. The guard's remains were laid out on a stretcher in the hospital, two hundred yards from the scene of the murder, and his body had been cleaned of all traces of struggle: his finger nails were cleaner than they had ever been in life and there was nothing left to point to the murderer . . . no traces, no witnesses.

It was the same way for a guy in the Hole in one of the Quebec maximums that year. He was locked in Deep Segregation. The story goes that when the morning shift came on they walked into the guy's cell and found him hanging from the bars, hung by his own belt (something no one has while in the Hole), his hands tied behind his back with bootlaces. His body was covered in massive bruises . . . broken. The Coroner's Inquest stated that he died a result of suicide.

The year leading up to Christmas 1962 in Anitown had been a bad one for most of the rest of us, too. Not only because it was my first in the pen but because there was a tremendous amount of tension in the air. The government had ordered more than a hundred guys from Quebec transferred to Anitown, and they were shipped in in two groups within a month or so of each other, flooding the joint with French-speaking guys just out of a riot at St Vincent de Paul. When I hit the joint in early '62, the place was overcrowded, an armed camp, with 937 guys fighting for survival. The French hated the English-speaking guys, the English-speaking cons hated the new arrivals, and the guards hated us all. There was a continuous struggle going on to see which group would run the prison.

Much of what took place couldn't be called "peaceful co-existence" -- during that one year there were about twenty guys stabbed, all but two in the back, and one by "accident" . . . "Oops, sorry... wrong guy!" A half dozen others had been beaten with iron bars, and numerous others had been ganged-up on. There had been so many guys either stabbed or piped out in the gym that those more paranoid than others got into the habit of wearing Life magazines under their shirts, covering their backs, trying to make a shield against the stab that almost always came from behind. Guys went to the movies in groups so they could watch the shows with someone they knew sitting behind them keeping an eye on their backs. The gym was outfitted with a bank of yellow fog lights overhead that were turned on when the movies started . . . even the security bulls retreated to the gun cage that perched, crouching in the corner, overlooking the room. It was not the kind of place you sent people you cared about.

A trip to the Hole almost automatically included, at the very least, a punch or two in the kidneys as you went through a doorway, if not a full-out beating at the hands of the guards there. More often than not, beatings in the Hole were administered in retaliation for something said. Only rarely did a con ever attack a guard . . . there were just too many of them, the odds were staggering.

Bonafide suicides across the country got to be an almost everyday occurrence. One guy, the papers had labelled the Beatle Bandit because he

always wore a Beatle wig when robbing banks, took an overdose of sleeping pills, tied a plastic bag over his head, lay back on his bunk and slashed his wrists to the bone. They found him in the morning . . . lifeless . . . bloodless . . . his cell floor crusted rust red. A life sentence laid out in one long night.

With open-faced cells piled one on top of the other, four ranges high, twenty-six chicken-like cages long, it was impossible to escape the never-ending chattering that clampered its way in off the ranges. Perpetually, continuously, on-and-on, the din pervaded everything you did . . . cancelling out any small escape you might have won . . . tore its way into fantasies, dreams, studies . . . everything.

"Hey, Asshole! Toin dat radio down . . . what's ya t'ink dis is? Yer home or somet'in?"

"Drop dead ya creep. Who the fuck ya t'ink ya are? King Farouk or somet'in?"

"Suck it, you pair o' assholes. I'm tryin' lissen t' the hockey game."

"Drive th' hockey game in your ass, Creep!"

"I'll drive it in your ass in the mornin', Big Mouth!"

"You'd shit if you were well-fed, Creep!"

"You keep shootin' yer face off, Big Mouth, and I'll shut it for you good."

"You both suck, so shut the fuck up!"

"Tell ya what, Asshole, come out swingin' in the mornin' . . . and I don't mean on yer gate...."

"The only swingin' you'll do, Creep, is when you and the faggots down in the laundry are gettin' it on. So just shut your face."

Picking up paper and pen, I drafted a letter I would have typed-up on official-looking counterfeit stationery and sent to everybody on my Writing List. It read like this:

CANADIAN PENITENTIARY SERVICE
REGIONAL HEADQUARTERS

FILE NUMBER 7011

Dear Sir/Madam:

This is to inform you that8719.....ROBBINS.....Jesse.....
Number Family Name Given Names

expired at ..0200 hours..... this day ..22nd.....March.....1963.....
Time Day Month Year

A Coroner's Inquest held at Anitown.....Frontenac.....Ontario.....
City County Province

on ..1st.....April.....1963..... found that the deceased died of
Day Month Year

undetermined natural causes..... Remains were interred at
Cause

Anitown Penitentiary Cemetary..... on ..26th.....March.....1963.....
Place Day Month Year

at public expense.

Witnessed: *Robert Walker*

Warden *John A. Ford*

Dated: March 28th, 1963



AFTER I LEAVE

© by Filby Husted,
Indiana

MANY AN HOUR I'VE PONDERED AND SPECULATED ON MY FUTURE, AFTER MY PRISON release. I know the excellent stock from which I come and I know where I've been. But the question remains: where am I going?

One evening, after a day of petty hassles and harassments, I sat in my cell, relaxed, and pretended that I had a viewing screen directly in front of my mind.

I mentally switch it on. Since it's a super solid-state, I get instant reception. I tune in the year and day: January 1, 1980, and focus on a high-rise apartment. I engage the telephoto lens and the interior scene jumps into my brain.

It's a den paneled with cherry and trimmed with deep mahogany. The carpet is two-inch gold with flecks of bluegreen and red. Drawn up to a large teak-wood desk is a matching captain's chair. On the desk is a telephone, a row of switches, and a remote-control unit. The room also contains a huge chocolate-colored sofa and chair flanked by end tables and lamps. On the walls are a couple of originals by Picasso.



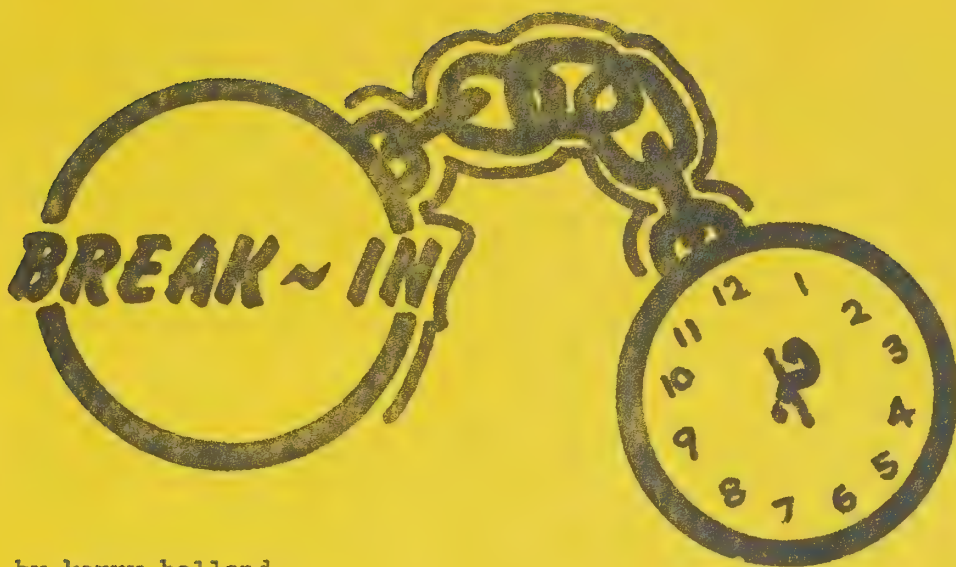
Someone is coming —ah, it's me! I see myself enter elegantly attired in a cream-colored, three-piece Botany suit. The footwear is crafted by Bostonian, the jewelry by Tiffany. I see myself walk to the desk and flip three of the switches and pick up the control unit. The first switch opens a panel and reveals a four-by-six-foot television screen, the second turns the set on. I want the news and the latest quotations on today's stock tradings. The third switch opens another panel and behind this is a completely stocked bar. I pour myself a couple of fingers of Chivas and turn up the TV volume. The stock averages are up. I see myself smile, turn off the set, close the panels, and leave. Not bad for an ex-offender.

Suddenly I'm tired and my mind comes back to reality — back to the grim, barren prison cell. However, I'm somewhat content and feel a little relieved. Now I know what it's going to be like when I leave. It's just a matter of t

i

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e.



by kerry holland

THE JUDGE READ OFF MY SENTENCE: "YOU WILL BE DELIVERED INTO THE CUSTODY of the Province of New Brunswick where you will serve a sentence of five years indefinite."

I was sitting on a bench directly across from him. The courtroom was situated in a large room above the town firehall. A half dozen benches and a desk had been brought in to formalize the illusion of courtroom procedure. The only thing missing was a stenographer, for which there was no real need since I was a juvenile and no record would be kept of what was said. The only words that counted there were those of the judge when he opened his mouth and flushed my life down the toilet.

I couldn't believe my ears... "Five years indefinite." I jumped up and spit at him, aiming for his face but falling short and dampening the collar of his robe. That was as far as I got before the two Mounties, one on either side of me, grabbed me. Twisting around I smashed the one on my left in the mouth. His partner kicked my legs out from under me and dropped down on me, his knees digging into my back.

"Ow... you bastards! You dirty motherf---mmf mmf." One of them jamming his hand into my mouth cut off the words. I bit down hard. The Mountie swore but kept it there. I felt around for a finger. Finding it, I started gnawing for blood. He ripped his hand away, nearly taking some teeth with it.

"Jesus!" he said, still trying to keep me from squirming. "Cuff this little son-of-a-bitch!"

His partner, who had my arms twisted up somewhere between my shoulder-blades, snapped a cuff on one wrist, then the other. Grabbing me by the hair and belt, Bloody Hand yanked me to my feet.

"It's okay, Your Honour," he said with a gasp, "where he's goin' he'll learn to act human."

"Blow me, you fuckin' rat!"

"Get him out of my court!" said the judge, wiping spit off his collar.

My mother came over to me as the cops led me out. Stopping for a moment, they stood by me while my mother and I stood looking at one another. She was crying and hugged me hard.

"Why Joey?" she said, wiping her eyes with a kleenex. "Why are you doing this to yourself?"

"Me... always me, isn't it, Mom," I said angrily. "I don't know if it's me or them or what. All I know is this is the way it turned out and I can't change it."

"But I can't take it anymore, Joey."

"You won't have to, they own me now."

"I failed you, son," she said, blinking the tears from her eyes. "I'm sorry, I"

"No you didn't," I said. "Look, I've got to go now. I'll write. Take care." I walked out with a cop on each arm. They led me out the back door and shoved me into their car.

On the way to the reformatory the cops didn't say a word to me. Our destination sat on a hill overlooking the Trans-Canada ten miles east of Fredericton. As we swung into the driveway, I could see the Adult Reformatory next door across a field. I was pulled out of the car and dragged, my hands still behind my back, inside to the Reception Desk. From there we were ushered into the office of the superintendent.

His office was something else. Surrounding the massive desk he sat

behind lay a deep red carpet with curtains to match. Behind him on the wall hung a Canadian flag on a pole, beside a picture of the Queen. On another wall a large poster proclaimed: "If at first you don't succeed . . . Use the Strap."

The superintendent was a big man, weighing about 200 pounds and standing close to six-three. He looked me over like he was appraising a side of beef.

"Okay, gentlemen, I can take him from here."

They all signed and countersigned the committal forms and shook hands. When the cops left he offered me a chair.

"No thanks."

"Sit" he said, an edge in his voice.

I didn't say anything, nor did I move. With a lunge, he picked me up and punched me in the mouth. I felt the blood thicken under my tongue and thought to myself, "You rat bastard, your time's comin'."

He shoved me into a chair and, while standing over me, said "You think you're shit hot. Well, let me tell you something, Punk, I've seen 'em come an' go, and you ain't about to screw with me at all. That's just to show you who's boss. Now you get your ass out of my office and learn your manners!"

"I bet you recite that to your family three times a day," I said, smiling. Hauling me out of the chair, he slapped me across the face and pushed me out the door.

Outside, a small mousey character grabbed my arm and led me down a hallway. Turning a corner we passed through a large antiseptic dormitory. Here and there guys were sitting around talking or looking at the walls. Each of them had a vacant look on his face.

The Mouse led me through an office that commanded a view of the whole dorm, and down a flight of stairs into a small corridor. There were three cells along the back wall.

"Strip!" he commanded in a squeaky voice.

I unbuckled my pants and stepped out of them, followed up by my shirt and sneakers. With no shorts hindering his view, he looked me up and down a couple of times, then told me to face the wall and spread my legs.

"Hiding anything up there, Boy?" he asked, his hand groping around my crotch.

"Just the usual, Man" I said, matter-of-factly. "Maggots, crabs and other goodies."

His hand left my balls in a flash. Turning around, I watched him rub his hands against his pants.

"Smartass!" he exclaimed. Pulling open a cell door, he pushed me inside and locked it. I sat down on the cold cement floor. The Mouse left and locked the outer door.

"Hey, Buddy!" came a voice, echoing off the walls.

"Yeah?" I answered.

"Welcome to Stalag 13," he said. "What're you in for?"

"Not going to school" I said, half expecting a laugh.

"Yeah... me too."

"No shit!" I said.

"Hell, Man," he said laughing, "most of us came here the first time for that."

"What about the second time?"

"Car theft, Break and Enter, assault" came the reply. I chewed on that for a moment.

"Hey, Buddy," he said after a bit. "You got a toothbrush in there?"

Looking around I saw one in a corner by the door. Picking it up, I yelled across, "What the hell is this for? There isn't a sink or even a friggen toilet in here!"

"Hey, Man," he laughed, "you're gonna be scrubbin' your floor with that tomorrow!"

"Go to hell!"

"No shit! Man" he said. "I'm paintin' my cell with a paint-by-numbers paint brush."

I didn't say anything.

"Hey, Man; how old are you?" he asked after a while.

"Be eleven in five days."

"Well, get used to it here, 'cause you're startin' to live a whole new life here... and they got a lot of rules. No one cares who you are.... or who you think you are... or what you want or think. They're gonna screw you around until you become what they want you to be..."

"Oh yeah? What's that?" I asked.

He didn't answer.

quicktales

of a blind painter

this is how
the blind sees:
from a darkness that knows
that vision
is more than
sight...

1

he was born blind
& you might say that
he made the very best of it

he became a painter
when he discovered the science
of color, and how to
transform what smell tells
about the shape
of things.

2

as a child
he had had no
sense of direction,
and even as
a young man he
still had none.

though a new orleans critic
said that he could paint
the white side of a cross word
& make it rhyme.

3

colors were his main bag
and he lived by them.
from black to
whatever reality
would have him break it
down to.

and he broke it down
to the way her body
rounded his,
and called it a painting
from darklovers.

or the one he did
of the shade
from a louisiana summer.

4

he was an old man
when i met him
and he lived
till i was
old.

in all those years
he never spoke of being blind.

except the time
he asked me
if i had ever seen
a ufo.

it had something
to do with
what the white folks called
his best painting.
he called it the scent
of foreigners and told
my high school current events class
that it was a true story.

he had conjured
a ufo
and the press made
frontpage news:

"extra extra
Grad all about it,
blind painter sees ufo -

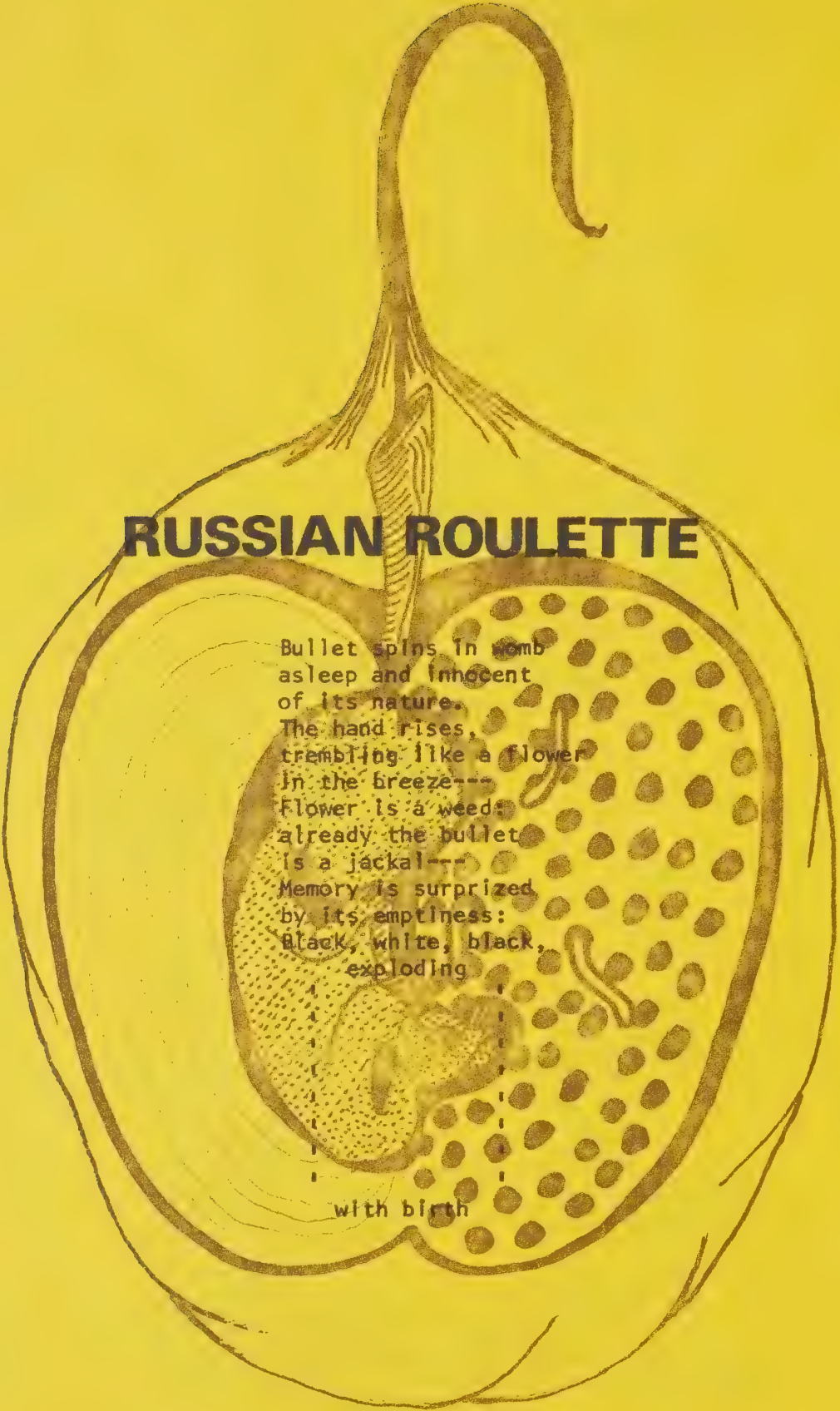
joke of the week."

the scent of foreigners
in unearthly color.

and it lived with him.
and became what he (never) called protest
or art.

my whole class
still remember him telling us:

this is the color
of the godawful truth.



RUSSIAN ROULETTE

Bullet spins in womb
asleep and innocent
of its nature.
The hand rises,
trembling like a flower
in the breeze---
Flower is a weed:
already the bullet
is a jackal---
Memory is surprized
by its emptiness:
black, white, black,
exploding

with birth

© Jeffrey A.Z. Zable,
San Francisco



WHEN THE MIRROR BREAKS

Why do you glare with blue-white coldness
From your newly rusting cage
Would you rather there were no bars?

Well
Welcome to humanity
Where nothing was ever new
But the realization of that.

Why do you grimly suck up your tears
With your senseless intellect?
What if the ones who should love
won't love?

Will you steal yourself from future pain
Are you now too big to be held
by one within the cage?

© Andrew Demon (75)
Manchester, Conn.

THE GLASS CAGE

Hamsters displayed
in the glass cage in a store are
lying about lethargically.

I'd like to buy the lot and free them
but free to do what?
Mind and body are drained by constraint
in animals and people too
reducing them to dull dependence.
Only one little caged fellow
shows some 'jole de vivre'
and waves a friendly paw.

Now I smile expectantly
at strangers in subways and streets
or those I meet in offices
shopping malls and banks
hoping that one of them will wave
a friendly paw just once
but no one does.

© Jack Brooks,
St. Alphonse, Quebec





IN THE COURTROOM

The charges are read
He sits impassive
this flesh of her flesh
bone of her bone

She wears her pain
like a tight collar

His childhood haunts her
she has never known him
even her nightmares
left her unprepared
for who he had become

Her womb and breasts
are filled
with an ancient guilt

© Sheila Martindale
London, Ontario



DOING TIME

She is serving time
her debt to society
a self-imposed
life sentence.

The crime
a youthful misconception
of terms.

There is no parole.
The better she behaves
the longer they want to keep her.

The first few years
were strictly cell-block
confinement
and with no counselling
for creeping insanity.

Later
she earned
outside working privileges
returning, Cinderella-like
at night.

Very occasionally
there are weekend passes
but the endless interrogation
afterward
makes the 48 hours of freedom
futile.

Slowly
the rot sets in
an ennui
engulfs her limbs
and spirit.

Soon
she may lose
the desire
for liberty

Become
colourless
as the institution
lethargic
in captivity

sick
to death

continued from page 4

low-mentality types who don't even understand why they're there.

As the day goes on, language gets worse and fights break out. When tempers are aroused, anybody might be attacked.

In the courtroom it's always crowded because of the big backlog of cases, so you're usually remanded and held in custody for trial. As I got into the paddy wagon after court I discovered that my real prison life had not yet begun.

TORONTO WEST DETENTION CENTRE

It doesn't take long to feel like a long-term prisoner at Toronto West, where all the outer doors are electronically sealed and the rest locked with keys.

Soon they strip and search you and take away your street clothes. You get some underwear, a T-shirt and jeans and running shoes for a prison uniform, then you're checked in and taken to your cell.

It's better to be jailed in the summertime, because the cells are freezing cold, with one tiny heat vent near the ceiling. Two women share a cell, and the one who's been there longest takes the top bunk. On the bottom you just clench your teeth.

The days go by slowly and painfully. You never see a clock or a calendar, but you know the time by meals and chores. At 5:30 every morning you get up, dress and make your bunk. By 7 a.m. you start your duties, like cleaning the common room.

In that room there's not much except cement walls, some old magazines and playing cards. The doors are locked and a correctional officer with a walkie talkie patrols the corridor outside. Mostly, prisoners are left to themselves, and if you get in trouble you have to shout into a slot in the door.

There's a lot of trouble to watch out for, especially from the "butch" lesbians who beat up other prisoners, sometimes with the knowledge of the staff. The officers are sometimes afraid of these women, who can be very vicious and cruel. They use them to control the other prisoners.

Some of the lesbians are habitual criminals who can't stand to be separated from their lovers when they're released, so they'll commit another crime to be locked up again.

REAL VIOLENCE

But the real violence starts when one of these women loses a lover and takes up with a new girl, choosing from the many young and attractive first-timers. The new victim doesn't know right away that she's been chosen. But she gets signals --a kiss on the mouth, an arm around the waist, a bunch of love notes every day.

If a girl gives in, the butch makes her advances right away, and I've seen heavy lovemaking go on in full view of everybody, on the floor. Girls who refuse get a lot of abuse, beatings and usually have to get put in a segregation cell for protection.

Not many people gain weight in Toronto West. The food is dreadful at the best of times, and after I found a dirty Kleenex rolled up inside my mashed potato I could hardly eat at all.

One woman was arrested the day after she got home from hospital with her new baby. She was breast feeding and her breasts got terribly swollen and sore. Then she started to bleed until the cell floor was covered in blood. The officers wouldn't go near her, and it was a weekend with no doctor on duty. Some of the other prisoners loaned her blankets to elevate her feet and legs, and brought her food and tea.

By the time I was sentenced on February 26, I was exhausted. Judge Waisberg gave me three months for forging cheques totalling \$397.32.

He told me that "women's libbers" were increasing the crime rate, and mustn't be allowed to get away with it. Did I look like a women's liber? I know that I was very tired that day, and my husband and family were very far away.

VANIER INSTITUTE FOR WOMEN

The idea of a minimum security prison with rooms instead of cells and a chance to integrate with the community sounded good to me when I arrived at Vanier in Brampton.

But although it's divided into cottages that are a lot more comfortable and clean than Toronto West, the sadism of the inmates is sometimes worse.

The senior administrators may be very well-intentioned, but they don't supervise the staff who look after the cottages, many of them old-timers from the Don Jail.

The month I was in Vanier, there had just been a big jail break when a girl slashed a guard's throat and a cottage was set on fire. I soon



found that violence was a predictable result of the treatment inmates had from the supervisors.

Denial was their biggest weapon. If there was something you really needed or yearned for, they'd prevent you from having it. For me, it was phone calls. I was worried to death about my husband and was always asking to phone him. They never let me.

There was a lot more lesbian activity in Vanier than Toronto West, because women could move around more freely between rooms and cottages. If somebody was attacked, the supervisors paid no attention.

The worst violence was against "rats"--the girls suspected of complaining about the other inmates to supervisors. I knew one who was messed up badly. They broke her jaw and wrecked one of her eyes. She was badly kicked and punched too. They had to take her away and put her in protective custody.

After a couple of weeks doing laundry, housekeeping and kitchen chores, I was considered no security risk, and sent out to do community service as a teaching assistant in a nearby public school.

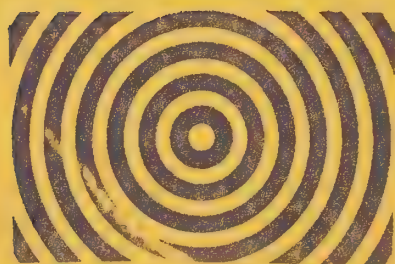
Although the school staff were fine, supportive people who did a lot to make my work rewarding, the Vanier staff made life continually humiliating and unpleasant.

Every day I had to submit to a skin search to show I wasn't carrying drugs back from outside. And every day when I came in from school they'd have a big vicious-looking Doberman Pinscher walk around me, sniffing for drugs.

At the end of my sentence, April 25, I had served three months in three Ontario prisons. I felt so old that I thought the people in the street would see me as a withered crone, my eyes dull and lifeless.

I believe in justice. I know what I did was wrong, and I'm glad to have repaid society, so I can go on with my life as a true citizen.

But I wonder about a system where some people thrive on human misery.



To Jim

Someone should invent a Pill
To prevent the mind
from becoming pregnant
with thoughts of love or
caring or
staying

Thus avoiding the pain
When such thoughts must be
sucked out
and flushed away

© E.F. Warren,
Summerville, S.C.

continued from page 7

each week and are expected to abide by the rules of the institution, just as in any other unit. When held up in comparison to the other Living Units, there are really only five critical differences and each derives from the other: (E) Every person in the T.C. is there through having personally applied and he can return to his original Living Unit any time he chooses, whereas in the other units the only alternative is a regression to maximum-security at Dorchester; (G) cells are left unlocked 24 hours a day, whereas in the ordinary Living Units prisoners are locked in their cells from 11 o'clock in the evening until 6:30 in the morning; (B) there is a much more relaxed and friendly atmosphere in the T.C. than in other units and inmate /staff relations are more open and mutually sought after; (D) there are more T.L.A.'s given out in the T.C. than in the other units; (F) and, most importantly, Day Parole is a real possibility in the T.C. whereas it is more difficult to get elsewhere.

Each of these differences is dependent on at least one of the others; none could function the way they do if they didn't have the benefits of the other. For, just like in Bob Dylan's song, "You've got to serve somebody" whether you be an individual, a social institution, group or program. And that is really the basis to how the Therapeutic Community works—one thing, to some extent, all things being equal, leads into another. You ask to get into the unit; you participate in the meetings three days a week where the business of running the unit is discussed and to varying degrees worked out between staff and inmates, more or less democratically; you are permitted to leave your cell door open 24 hours a day, sit up and watch the Late Show, play cards into the night, sit around and bullshit, whatever, into the early hours of the morning; with all these things making for a more relaxed and healthy atmosphere, with staff and prisoners getting along much better than elsewhere because there is a social contract going down -- people are making deals all the time, each to varying degrees holding up his end; and out of the opportunity for staff and prisoners to get to know one another better in a healthier social situation, more T.L.A.'s, Day Paroles and regular paroles are granted because the staff feel more secure going to bat for a guy when they have the feeling they know something about him. And, since living in the more relaxed atmosphere of the T.C. doesn't bring out the worst in people, the so-called "prisoners' code" is less of a necessity for survival. Which is a backhanded way of saying that if you treat people more humanely and fairly they won't have to develop sub-culture ethics to protect themselves.

The description just made of the Therapeutic Community at Springhill only vaguely resembles the kind of psychiatric T.C. that was originally intended and practiced by Dr. Maxwell Jones, but there should be an obvious correlation between the T.C. as it actually is and the Living Unit as it was meant to be. The Springhill Therapeutic Community is the missing link in the Living Unit program. It is the logical extension of the Living Unit concept and as such should be instituted into every institution using the Living Unit as its basis for operation. It is my belief that each institution that has Living Units should have two Therapeutic Communities modelled after the one here. In that way men and boys would move through the Living Unit and into the T.C. as their needs and willingness to adapt are rendered apparent.

The principle that you can't expect people to develop to their full potential under conditions that repress spontaneity, individualism, healthy competition, freedom of movement and choices, and all the things that even the Therapeutic Community is unable to foster while housed within the confines of a prison has long been understood; but, like most things to do with prisons, not much has been done about it. The Living Unit and the T.C., although operating at different levels of commitment, are both efforts to stimulate and encourage better social behaviour on the part of those participating, but while these attempts are admirable and have produced some measure of success, they are not enough. What is needed is a more direct link with the street, where the action is, where behaving socially is what separates Freeman from potential Outcasts.

The direct link I speak of is the Therapeutic Community, but one with a difference. The kind of T.C. I am referring to would be located in the community, on the streets, in an area where you would have access to local institutions like colleges, hospitals, schools, private industry and such. Because this T.C. would be situated right in the heart of where life and social activity is abundant, programmers and clients would be able to involve citizens and professionals from the community at large in the T.C. program, thereby rendering the program more relevant to the actual needs a person has while in prison and after first getting out.

The Community Correctional Centres that now exist would be retained to accomodate the men and boys that come out of the ordinary Living Units and other institutions as they already do. The proposed T.C. would be a direct satellite of the institution it services. Clients housed there would not necessarily be from the city where the T.C. is located, and in that way each institution using the Living Unit and Therapeutic Community as their internal program would have one outside T.C. operating in a nearby city, being supplied clients solely through the inside T.C. Day Parole would be the mechanism used to place a person in the outside T.C. and the client would have to demonstrate to the Parole Service and staff of the outside T.C. that he has derived the maximum benefit from his experience there to gain his release into the community on full parole. A refinement of this proposed scheme would be that the individual would be able to bring his community contacts, friends, employer and such into play when working towards his freedom; which is really just another way of saying that the person will have gained the kinds of links and contacts we all need in order to remain living at large in the community.

There are many points that could (and should) be covered in this kind of discussion that aren't being touched upon here; but it is only the forum and need for brevity that restricts me from getting into other salient points in favour of implementation of an outside T.C. Anyone who has had experience with the Springhill T.C. knows that if it doesn't actually cut down on the recidivism rate, it at the very least influences most of the repeat offenders in such a way that they return for less serious crimes than they were originally in for. Experience in the T.C. helps men and boys to communicate better, gives those who need it a chance to better understand that they don't have to remain feeling that they are all alone in the world, that we all have similar concerns and problems. Out of this kind of appreciation for what life is really all about, a person tends to develop more tolerance, not only for those around him but for himself too. This sociability leads people away from crimes of violence, desperate acts that are inherently self-destructive, acts committed by people who don't truly understand that to live is to let live-- peace begets peace....

Springhill Institution in Nova Scotia is the logical choice for implementation of the proposed outside Therapeutic Community program. Our T.C. has functioned since 1969 and is well established, operating within an institution where there is very little resistance to new and innovative programming. I believe that if the people in authority are seriously interested in creating situations that help people to help themselves, the Springhill Therapeutic Community will be seen as the missing link in what began as a step in the right direction but that got lost in the political diddlings that go on between politicians and the special interest groups who have failed to join all the dots together, failed to appreciate that they had already taken a right path but sold it short by not following through, as is so often the case. "Rehabilitation," if seriously sought, is there to be had. It is time the authorities got serious about something other than their paychecks and pensions and providing more jobs for carbon copies of themselves and worrying what their image will be with the Red-necks whose cries for blood and revenge too many of them only pretend to decry. It is time to put all the pieces together. ☺

Snow whiteness
Flashes from dead
 eyes
Of the girl with cane
Probing
 nervously
In land no longer land,
Voyager without a country,
People blocking her way
Hesitate-she advances-they retreat
She searches-they see
Her staff tap-out
 nothing.

© Andrew Demon (1969)
Manchester, Conn.





SPORTS HERE IN SPRINGHILL MEDIUM HAS NOT BEEN ONE OF OUR MORE ACTIVE fields of endeavour over the last few months, with only soccer and ball hockey to report upon.

In soccer NUMBER EIGHT emerged victorious by defeating NUMBER NINE in the finals. The Most Valuable Player Award went to RAY POTTLE of NUMBER EIGHT who led all scorers during the regular season of play.

Ball hockey began in November with an extended exhibition series. NUMBER EIGHT emerged as the number one ranked team with NUMBER ELEVEN a close second. NUMBER TEN ranked third and NUMBER NINE fourth. However, these standings didn't tell much as the Annual Xmas Tournament was to prove. NUMBER EIGHT did beat NUMBER ELEVEN in the first round, but it was a tough game which could have gone either way. The final score was 4-2. The big game was the first round NUMBER NINE victory over NUMBER TEN with a score of 5-3. This was a major upset for third ranked NUMBER TEN; everyone had expected them to bring out their big guns and win it all.

In the final game between NUMBERS EIGHT and NINE even more surprises were in store for the experts and fans. NUMBER NINE, who should not have even been in the game (according to some folks), scored first and led by a goal all the way until late in the third period when NUMBER EIGHT tied it at 4-4. This necessitated an overtime period, and that's when the younger legs of NINE took over. NUMBER NINE scored after about five minutes and won their first tournament in years.

The regular season for ball hockey began this week with NUMBER EIGHT winning the rematch (or grudge fight) with NUMBER NINE by a score of 7-3. The following evening saw NUMBER ELEVEN dump NUMBER TEN by 7-1.

Finally in sports, basketball will be starting soon, adding one more program to our winter schedule. The reason for the late start of these programs is the repair work that has had to be done to the gym floor.

EDITOR'S NOTE: MIKE MOORE, our Roving Sports Reporter over the last year has taken his roving to its limits. Mike made Day Parade a few weeks back, making it necessary to replace him. Mike being from Newfoundland and a true-to-the-surf-down-homer made it really difficult finding a replacement for him -- you ever try to fill a pair of size fourteen hip-waders?

AL BALTZER is now the Man, and we think he can measure up to Mike's efforts. This first commentary by Al has been limited by the fact that there were no records of recent sports events to draw from... it's almost as though Mike left in the middle of the night. Since Mike's a college-boy type, he probably thought he was checking out of another hotel, out the side door. We wish Mike good times in Halifax and in everything he does. "Hey, Mike, where you to?"

KIDS K.O. CONS

by bob eby



BOB EDGETT is an ex-heavyweight Canadian Boxing Champion who has been working at the Dorchester Penitentiary for longer than he likes to think about. He's got a good reputation among the cons there—he's known as a fair-minded, straight shooter. A faint-hearted, backstabber he ain't... he's been known to accept a challenge or two from some very able guys, and after the smoke cleared they've usually come away respecting one another as men.

But things BOB EDGETT does like to think about are his boxing club and his boys... the boys are the youngsters who work out at Bob's club in Sackville, New Brunswick. They're the boys who fought 51 times last year and came away winning more times than they lost. They are also the boys that come into all three of the Maritime penitentiaries every year and put on displays for the guys. They take over when they get here... and, Mister, you'd better watch your buns when they are around because they've been known to knock a greenhorn on his ass if he isn't watching. Ask MARTY SMITH, one of the guys who was helping hold up the ring ropes; 118 pound JOHNNY McLEAN did a fast turnaround on Marty and put the big fellow on Stardust Row with a quick overhand left to the jaw. Marty is still walking around with his heels rounded off. It just goes to show you, you can never trust a dude who hangs out with BOB EDGETT... they are bad... capital B A D bad.

The BOB EDGETT BOXING CLUB youngsters came into this institution last weekend and gave us a couple of hours of fine entertainment. There were laughs (mostly at the expense of our guys getting bullied by 100 pound terrors), a taste of fine boxing skills, and a large dose of high energy sportsmanship, electrifying the auditorium, bringing a good afternoon's fun.

BARRY WOOD and RONNY BEAUCHARD squared off, throwing subtlety to the wind and leather at each of the guys standing holding up the corners. For a while there I thought we might have to get ourselves a new set of "ring-posts" as our guys were all starting to look a little green around the edges. The kids came out of their corners like they were going to murder each other. Leather flew in all directions, and a whole lot of it was landing where it was aimed. The only thing that stopped them from going at one another forever was the bell. I was kind of relieved to hear the bell go... I was getting a draught from all the swinging that was going on and being over twenty-five makes me nervous sometimes, with catching colds and all. The fight was a draw in my mind, but since none of these exhibitions were being treated as fights, there was no score kept. I'm really glad they weren't fighting for real... sheee-it, we would have had to call out the Goon Squad to get these guys apart. BARRY WOOD and RONNY BEAUCHARD are a pair of dudes those in the boxing world are going to have to keep an eye out for.

At around 68 pounds, DARRYLE CYR and TONY ADAMS were another pair of guys who couldn't wait to get at one another. They came out of their corners like they had been fired out of cannons. It was "every which way but loose" when they met in the center of the ring. ADAMS seemed to have had more experience in the ring, because his punches were thrown straight from the shoulder, with that formidable left coming, stick... stick... stick. CYR wasn't waiting around for any gold embossed invitations... he kept ADAMS on his toes and moving. Toe to toe in the center of the ring was where it all took place, and all I can say about either one of these guys is that I'm glad I'm a Good Guy, because I sure want these dudes on my side... see, rehabilitation has its good points....

MIKE ESTABROOKS weighs 84 pounds. He's had two fights. The second one was with LENNY McLEAN. Neither Lenny nor Mike are likely to forget each other. These guys put on a fine display of fundamental boxing skills, and given a little more experience and some more of the BOB EDGETT brand of training and confidence, they're going to be tough dudes to beat. They both won my vote as game contestants. Lenny's "Mohammed Ali Shuffle" almost deked me right off my chair. (You might ask why someone reporting on a boxing event wasn't sitting at ringside; my answer is "Just smart, I guess....")

And, as if having all of this coming at you wasn't enough, the BOB EDGETT BOXING CLUB threw a ringer at us. They broke up the audience (literally) by putting three little guys in the ring and sending them after one bigger guy. I'm not going to tell you what happened, because Nova Scotia has a Board of Censors that is trying to limit the amount of violence adults are exposed to in our media. All I can say is that I think it is a crime the way youngsters nowadays are allowed to scare us old folks... it sure wasn't like that back in the olden days.

JOHNNY McLEAN, southpaw, at 118 pounds got back into the ring (remember... he's the one who knocked poor MARTY SMITH off the edge of the ring. Poor Marty was heard to say, "J'sus, I wasn't doin' nuttin'... I was just standin' there....") with DARRYLE WOOD. John was the aggressor during these three rounds, but Darryle did a lot of really fine bodywork. I suspect that we'll be hearing a lot more from these guys in the near future.

Prince Edward Island sent over DWAYNE McLEAN to take care of DANNY WINTERS. And I want to tell you, that was some handfull... Winters is a tiger. He's got speed and good hands, working with smartly executed combinations, never giving his man a chance to put it all together. His instincts are right on. DWAYNE McLEAN, given a little more time is going to be somebody to be reckoned with too. He's very strong and has lots of heart. Both boys were very sportsmanlike in their exhibition, and a credit to their clubs.

And, as always, BOB EDGETT turned his monsters loose... Jesus, there should be a law against this SACKVILLE BOXING CLUB. He gets his gang together, just outside the ring, and gives them all one boxing glove. They put the glove on one hand, the one they can do the most damage with, of course, and the rules to the game are that they can only hit each other with the gloved hand, while the other is tucked inside their sweatbands. EDGETT, in his usual quiet way, steps up to the audience and asks (with a straight face, no less) for a volunteer to come up and referee the fight. Now, Folks, I wouldn't tell you no lie... he always gets someone to come up. I think he's a used car salesman at heart, and sure as hell not to be trusted around your daughters and girlfriends... these kids keep coming back year after year, and year after year they keep getting suckers to come up and have the b'Jesus knocked out of them. It must have something to do with... with... never mind.

Well, to make a long story kind of more mellow and shorter than it was... they knocked the blazes out of poor, unsuspecting GERRY CORMIER. "There were seven of them, Your Honour, and they were all over him. Mother of God, it was hard to watch... that poor man. What did he ever do to deserve the kind of punishment those little #@&@%#@%& gave him?" All I can say, Folks, is that if there is a God in Heaven he sure isn't taking care of good natured GERRY CORMIER.

A big thanks goes out to BOB EDGETT and his boys. The other guys that travel with Bob and help out with the kids get our thanks too, and so does everyone else who had anything to do with setting the event up. It was an afternoon of enjoyable entertainment.



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